



RIDE THRILLING WESTERN TRAILS WITH THE **VIGILANTE**



SUPERMAN

10c

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN

SUPERMAN
IS FORBIDDEN
TO SAVE LOIS LANE
FROM...

"*THE THREE
SCOOPS OF
DEATH*"
?

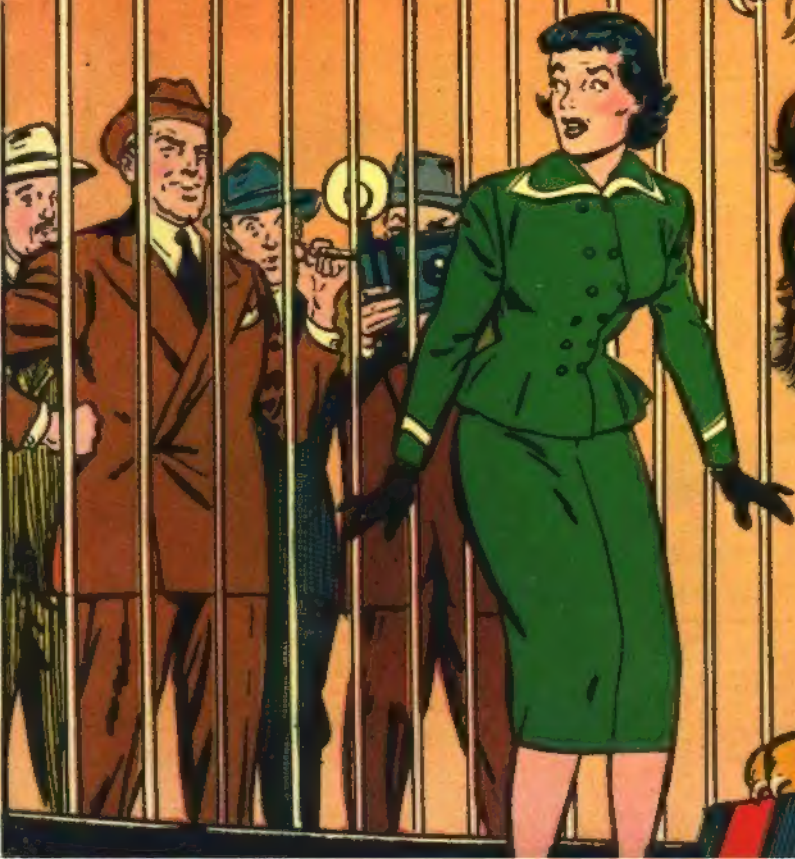
ACTION COMICS

MAR. NO. 166



GO AHEAD,
LOIS. PUT YOUR
HEAD IN THE
LION'S MOUTH--
IF YOU WANT
TO WIN "THE
BRAVEST
REPORTER"
PRIZE!

PERRY WHITE
MUST BE MAD!
HE KNOWS THAT
LION IS A KILLER!
AND I'M NOT
ALLOWED TO
INTERFERE!





YOU ALL KNOW THAT REPORTER LOIS LANE, SUPERMAN'S PRETTY NEMESIS, WOULD RISK HER NECK FOR A STORY... YET, WHEN EDITOR PERRY WHITE GIVES HER ASSIGNMENTS THAT WOULD MAKE HER FAMOUS, SHE GASPS IN TERROR! WHY PERRY ASSIGNS THESE DEADLY YARNS, AND HOW THE STRANGE SITUATION RESULTS IN CLARK KENT'S BEING BRANDED AS THE MURDERER OF PERRY WHITE ARE THE PROBLEMS SUPERMAN MUST SOLVE, AS HE ATTEMPTS TO PROTECT LOIS FROM...

"THE THREE SCOOPS OF DEATH!"

DON'T HELP HER, **SUPERMAN!** IF YOU INTERFERE, SHE'LL NEVER WIN THE AWARD AS BRAVEST REPORTER IN METROPOLIS.

BUT IF I **DON'T** INTERFERE, SHE'LL BE THE BRAVEST **EX-REPORTER** IN METROPOLIS! WHAT'S GOTTEN INTO YOU, PERRY?

ONE EVENING, AS REPORTERS CLARK KENT AND LOIS LANE DINE AT THE METROPOLIS PRESS CLUB...

HEY... LISTEN TO THIS, EVERYBODY! CYRUS WILSON, THE WELL-KNOWN CIVIC LEADER, IS PLANNING AN AWARD TO THE **BRAVEST REPORTER OF THE YEAR!**

OH... I'D DO ANYTHING TO WIN THAT PRIZE, CLARK!

AND THUS, ALLOVER THE CITY, REPORTERS BEGIN SEEKING PERILOUS STORIES IN STRANGE AND DANGEROUS PLACES...

YOU SURE GOT NERVE COMIN' WAY UP HERE, MISTER!

EGULPE I-I'LL GO ANYWHERE, IF IT MEANS WINNING THAT AWARD!

TELL ME... WH-WHAT MAKES THIS WORK **REALLY DANGEROUS?**

WELL... BEIN' MILES UNDERGROUND, MA'AM, ONE MISTAKE COULD BLAST US TO DOOMSDAY, BECAUSE O' THE RIVER PRESSURE! WHY, JUST THE OTHER WEEK...

MEANWHILE, IN THE OFFICE OF THE DAILY PLANET...

BETTER GET DOWN, MISTER... **FLAGPOLE SITTING** IS... DANGEROUS BUSINESS IN WEATHER LIKE THIS!

I KNOW... BUT THE BEST WAY TO WRITE ABOUT **YOUR EXPERIENCES** IS BY SHARING THEM MYSELF!

CLARK... LOIS... I'VE THOUGHT UP THREE ASSIGNMENTS THAT ARE SURE TO WIN THE AWARD AND MAKE OUR PAPER FAMOUS! WHICH OF YOU WANTS THE JOB?

ME, CHIEF! YOU KNOW CLARK IS TOO TIMID!

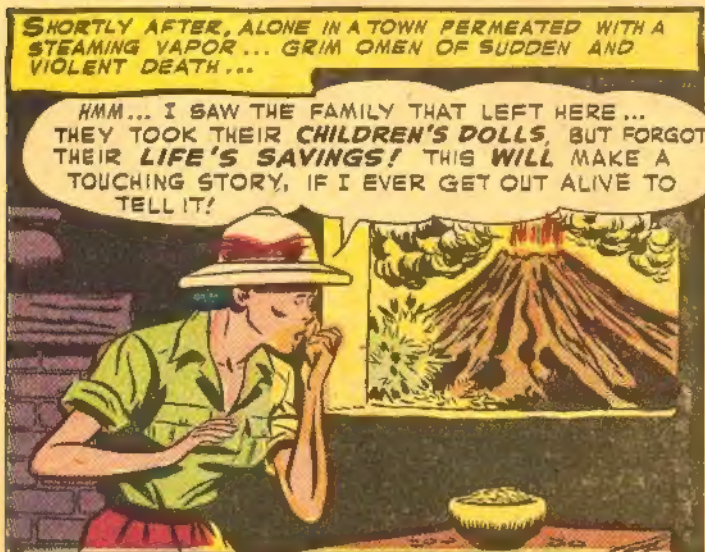
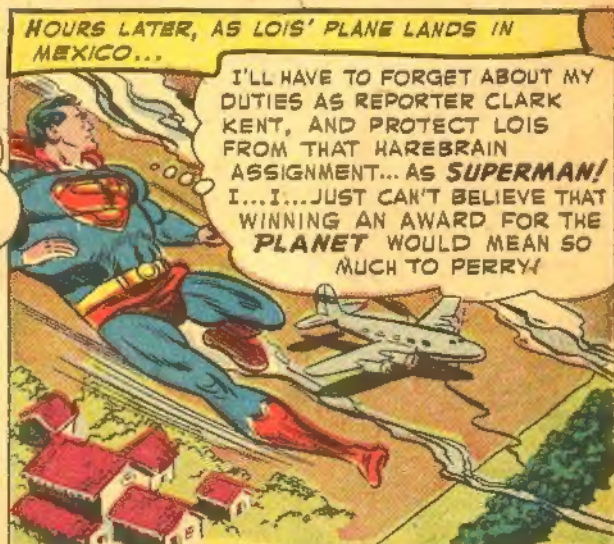
EVERYONE KNOWS THAT... WHICH MAKES CLARK KENT THE PERFECT CAMOUFLAGE FOR MY **REAL IDENTITY AS SUPERMAN!**

OKAY... HERE'S YOUR FIRST ASSIGNMENT... **THE DEATH OF A TOWN!** THE LITTLE MEXICAN VILLAGE OF PIXACTL WILL BE DESTROYED ANY MOMENT BY A VOLCANIC ERUPTION! IT'S BEING EVACUATED RIGHT NOW!

AND YOU WANT ME TO JOIN THE EVACUEES AS THEY LEAVE THEIR HOMES?



ACTION COMICS



THEN...

IT WAS NICE OF THAT FACTORY MANAGER TO LEND ME THIS CALDRON OF MOLTEN STEEL. THE ROCK I JUST BROKE OFF SERVES AS A PERFECT MOLD FOR THE GADGET I'M MAKING!



AND NOW, BY STRIPPING THIS TREE OF ITS LIMBS, I CAN USE IT AS A HANDLE AFTER I COVER IT WITH HOT STEEL!



SUPERMAN FINISHES HIS TASK NOT A MOMENT TOO SOON, FOR AS THE VOLCANO SUDDENLY SPEWS FORTH DEATH...

DEBRIS AND ROCKS BOUNCE OFF THIS GIANT STEEL UMBRELLA LIKE RAINDROPS! NOW, LOIS CAN COMPLETE HER ASSIGNMENT AND GET OUT SAFELY! GOOD GIRL... SHE'S TERRIFIED... BUT SHE HASN'T LOST HER NERVE!



MIGHT AS WELL KEEP ON WORKING! IT... IT'S THE ONLY THING THAT WILL KEEP MY MIND OFF WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN!

AND STRANGELY ENOUGH, AT THAT VERY MOMENT, BACK IN METROPOLIS...

THIS JOB WAS PLANNED SO PERFECT, NO ONE COULD STOP US EXCEPT **SUPERMAN!** AND HE'S IN MEXICO NOW... THANKS TO **LUTHOR!**



LUTHOR? WHAT CAN THAT CRIMINAL SCIENTIST... SUPERMAN'S ARCH-ENEMY... HAVE TO DO WITH LOIS' FLIGHT?

THE ANSWER LIES IN HIS LABORATORY HIDEOUT, LINED WITH LEAD TO CONCEAL IT FROM **SUPERMAN'S X-RAY VISION...**

WHAT AN IDEA... KIDNAPPING THE **REAL PERRY WHITE**, HERE, AND REPLACING HIM WITH A **ROBOT...** SO THAT I CAN GIVE LOIS HER ASSIGNMENTS!

AND WHILE **SUPERMAN** IS AWAY, PROTECTING LOIS, **WE'RE** FREE TO LOOT WITHOUT HIS INTERFERENCE!



I'M ALSO GOING TO USE THE ROBOT TO **DESTROY CLARK KENT!** HE'S THE ONE WHO EXPOSES ALL MY RACKETS IN HIS NEWSPAPER ARTICLES ... BUT I INTEND TO SEE HIM EXECUTED FOR THE **MURDER OF PERRY WHITE...** A CRIME FOR WHICH I WILL GIVE HIM THE PERFECT MOTIVE!

SO, UNAWARE OF THE DIABOLIC PLAN AIMED AT HIS OTHER SELF, AN INDIGNANT **SUPERMAN** ESCORTS LOIS BACK TO THE PLANET...

WHAT'S THE IDEA, PERRY? NO AWARD IS WORTH PUTTING LOIS' LIFE IN SUCH DANGER!

IF LOIS THINKS SO, SHE CAN QUIT... AND IF SHE DOESN'T, WELL... I'M RUNNING THIS PAPER, AND I KNOW WHAT'S BEST FOR IT!

I THINK PERRY'S RIGHT, **SUPERMAN!** AFTER ALL, I'M FREE TO LEAVE WHENEVER I WANT, AND... HMM... THAT VOLCANIC ERUPTION DIDN'T DO MY MAKE-UP ANY GOOD!

NEVER MIND YOUR MAKE-UP! JUST LISTEN TO YOUR NEXT ASSIGNMENT... **THE DEATH OF A WORLD!**

PROFESSOR RAINEY OF THE **METROPOLIS OBSERVATORY** PREDICTS THAT THE LAST FRAGMENT OF A DISINTEGRATING WORLD, FROM ANOTHER SOLAR SYSTEM, WILL PASS HIGH OVER METROPOLIS TODAY, IN THE FORM OF A COMET!

I'M HIRING A BALLOON... SO THAT YOU CAN GO UP, TAKE CLOSE-UP PICTURES OF THE EVENT, AND TELL HOW IT FEELS TO SEE A WORLD SHATTERED, A FLAMING WORLD RACING TO ITS DESTRUCTION!

B-BUT, CHIEF... IT MAY BREAK INTO FRAGMENTS, AND... AND...

SURE... THAT'S THE RISK YOU TAKE! AND I DON'T WANT YOU HELPING HER, **SUPERMAN**, OR WE'LL NEVER WIN THAT AWARD! NO ONE WILL GIVE A PRIZE FOR BRAVERY TO A REPORTER PROTECTED BY YOU!

YES, I... ER... GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT, PERRY!

AND IN LUTHOR'S LAIR...

HUH? I DON'T GET IT! WE WANT SUPERMAN TO HELP HER... AND YET YOU'RE TELLING HIM...

OF COURSE! ISN'T THAT WHAT PERRY WOULD SAY IF HE WANTED LOIS TO WIN? SURE... SO THAT'S WHAT THE ROBOT SAYS! AND DON'T WORRY... **SUPERMAN** WILL BE THERE TO HELP... ONLY HE WON'T LET PERRY KNOW IT!



ACTION COMICS



NEXT DAY, HIGH ABOVE THE CITY.

HAVE TO WAIT TILL IT COMES A LITTLE CLOSER! THAT HEAT... IT'S BECOMING UNBEARABLE! STILL, I HAVE A CHANCE IF IT DOESN'T START DISINTEGRATING!



MEANWHILE, HIDDEN BELOW...

I'LL MAKE SURE **SUPERMAN** IS OCCUPIED AT THE CRUCIAL MOMENT BY USING THIS **ELECTRONIC RAY** TO SHATTER THAT COMET INTO FRAGMENTS, JUST AS IT PASSES **LOIS!**



BUT WHERE IS THE MAN OF STEEL AT THIS CRUCIAL MOMENT? MILES AWAY, ON THE MOON...

MUST SAVE **LOIS** WITHOUT THERE BEING ANY EVIDENCE THAT I'VE INTERFERED! AND MY FIRST STEP IS TO UPROOT THIS MOON-MOUNTAIN!



AND IN METROPOLIS, WITH SUPERMAN 239,000 MILES AWAY...

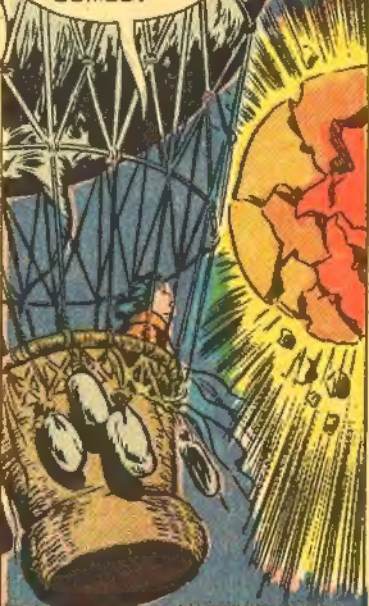
HA, HA... THAT **ROBOT PERRY WHITE** IS WORTH HIS WEIGHT IN GOLD TO US!

YEAH... **LUTHOR** SURE HAS TAKEN **SUPERMAN** OUT OF CIRCULATION!



AT THAT MOMENT...

OH! IT... IT'S EXPLODING! THE FRAGMENTS WILL RIP THIS BALLOON TO SHREDS! HERE IT COMES!



BUT JUST THEN...

THIS WILL HAVE TO BE A **CURVE BALL ... BREAKING AT JUST THE RIGHT MOMENT... 86,000 MILES AWAY FROM HERE!**



AND A SCANT INSTANT LATER...

WH-WHAT? A HUGE METEOR... SWEEPING THE FRAGMENTS AWAY FROM ME! **WHEW!** EITHER I'VE GOT A CHARMED LIFE, OR **SUPERMAN'S** KEEPING AN EYE ON ME...CONTRARY TO PERRY'S ORDERS!

CRASH!

COMPLETING HER SECOND "ASSIGNMENT," LOIS RETURNS TO THE PLANET, WHERE...

HERE'S YOUR LAST ASSIGNMENT, LOIS... **THE DEATH OF A REPORTER!** IT'S SURE TO WIN THE AWARD...BUT IT'S VERY RISKY! IN FACT, ON SECOND THOUGHT, MAYBE YOU SHOULDN'T...

LET ME BE THE JUDGE OF THAT, PERRY!

I DON'T GET IT, LUTHOR! WHY ARE YOU **DISCOURAGING** HER?

IF I ORDERED HER, SHE'D **REFUSE...** BUT IF I ADVISE AGAINST IT, SHE'S SURE TO ACCEPT! "I KNOW HOW LOIS' MIND WORKS!"

WELL, WHAT'S THE ASSIGNMENT?

HERE ARE TWO PARACHUTES... BUT ONE OF THEM IS A **DUD!** MY IDEA IS FOR YOU TO SELECT ONE, AND LEAP FROM A PLANE OVER METROPOLIS HARBOR! IF YOU CHOOSE THE WRONG ONE, YOU'LL HURTLE TO YOUR DEATH! IF YOU CHOOSE THE RIGHT ONE...

...YOU'LL BE ABLE TO WRITE ABOUT WHAT GOES THROUGH A PERSON'S MIND IN HIS LAST MINUTES OF LIFE... SINCE YOU'LL BE PREPARED TO **DIE!**

GOLLY! THAT'LL SURELY WIN THE AWARD! I ACCEPT THE ASSIGNMENT...AND I'LL TAKE **THIS** PARACHUTE!

HMM... WRAPPED IN LEAD... AND IMPERVIOUS TO MY X-RAY VISION!

NO, LOIS... DON'T! I WON'T LET YOU!

YOU WON'T BE AROUND TO STOP HER, CLARK! I WANT YOU TO COVER BINGLING'S OUTDOOR CIRCUS AT THE SAME TIME, AND GIVE ME A FULL STORY ON EVERY EXHIBIT!

BEWARE, CLARK! LUTHOR MEANS THIS TO BE YOUR LAST ASSIGNMENT AS A REPORTER!



ACTION COMICS



THUS, WHILE LOIS KEEPS HER FATAL DATE AT METROPOLIS HARBOR, A TROUBLED SUPERMAN SOARS OVER GAY CIRCUS TENTS...

GOSH... I CAN'T LEAVE LOIS UNGUARDED... I MUST FIND SOME REASON TO COVER THIS CIRCUS LATER! HMM... THOSE DISTANT CLOUDS, REVEALED BY MY TELESCOPIC VISION, GIVE ME AN IDEA!



SECONDS LATER...

COME ALONG, MY LITTLE SKY SHEEP! THE WEATHER BUREAU SAID FAIR FOR TODAY, BUT I'LL HAVE TO FOUL THEM UP! A LITTLE RAIN WILL POSTPONE THE OPENING OF THAT OUTDOOR CIRCUS, GIVING CLARK A GOOD EXCUSE FOR NOT COVERING THE STORY!



SOON, ABOVE THE HARBOR...

SHE... SHE SELECTED THE DUD! HAVE TO HELP HER... AND YET, I MUST CONCEAL THE FACT THAT I'M HELPING HER! HOW... HOW??



WITH ONLY SECONDS TO SPARE, SUPERMAN PLUMMETS DEEP BENEATH THE OCEAN, WHERE...

IF ONE OF THESE WRECKED SHIPS HAS THE CARGO I NEED, I CAN STILL DO IT!

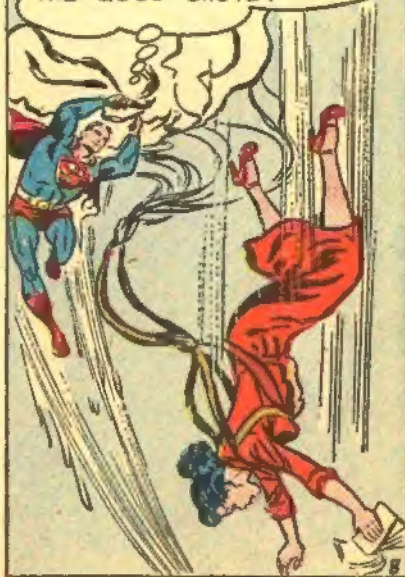


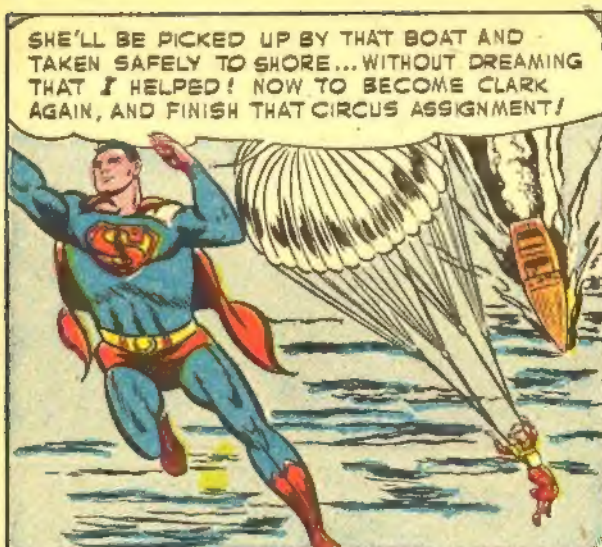
AH... JUST WHAT I NEED... SILK, WHICH CAN'T BE DAMAGED BY THE ACTION OF SALT WATER! I'LL HAVE TO TEAR IT INTO THE RIGHT SHAPE, THEN SPEED BACK TO LOIS!

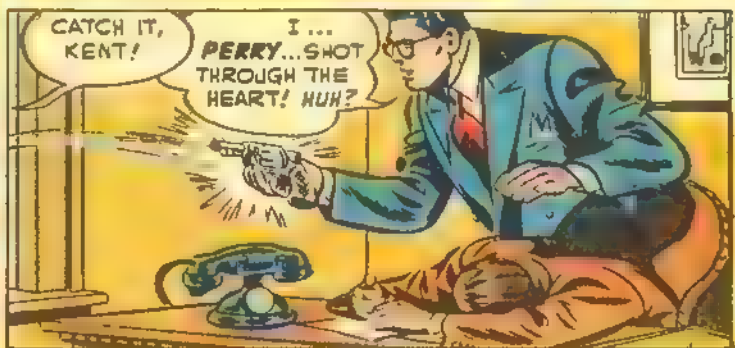
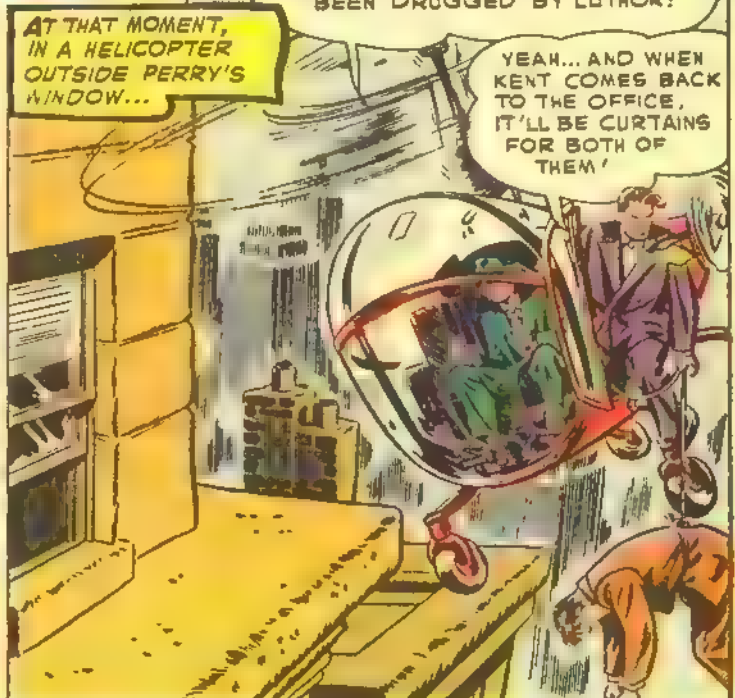
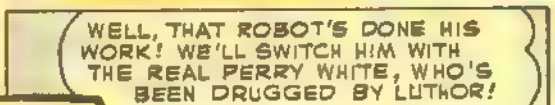
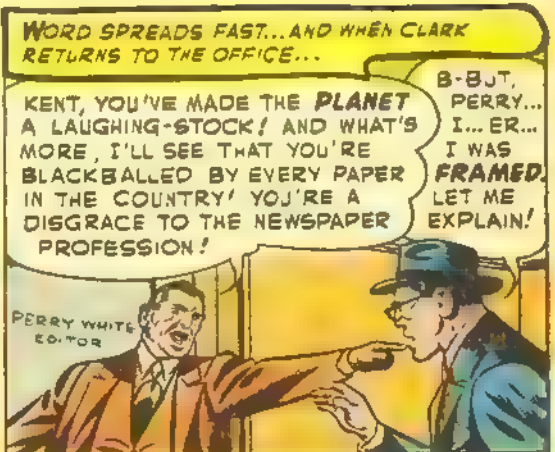
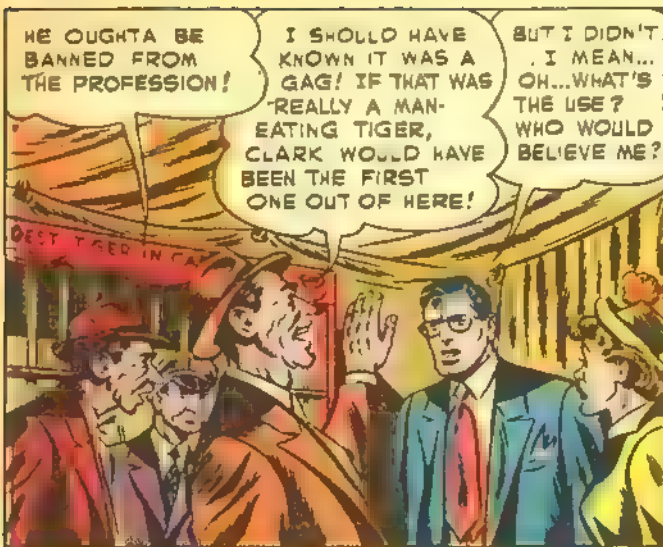


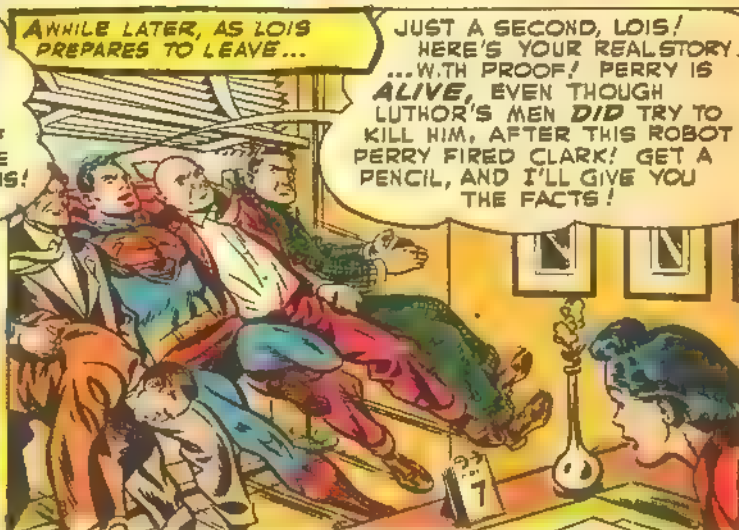
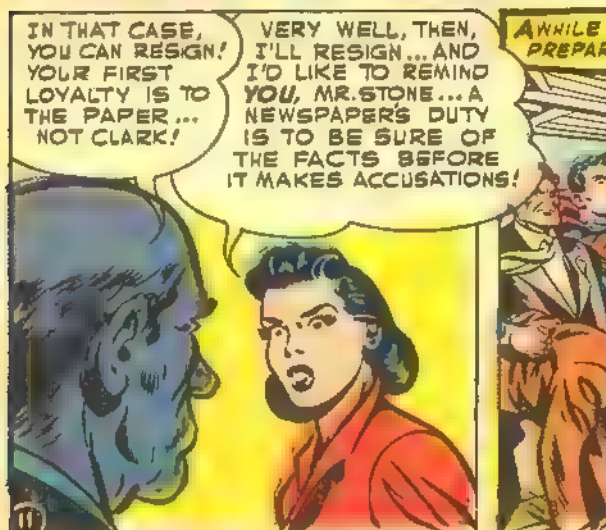
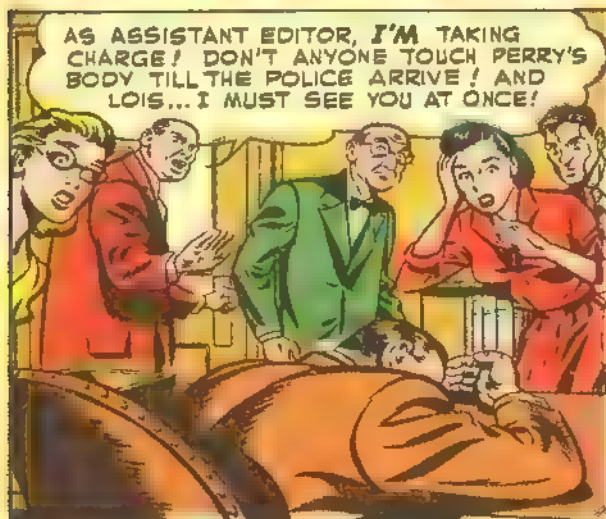
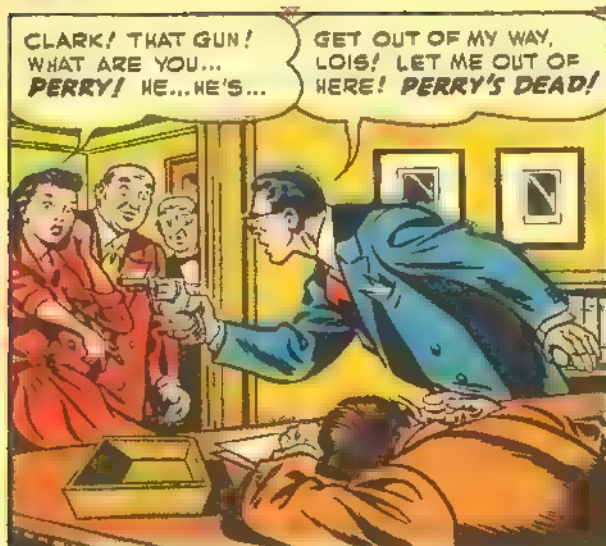
A SCANT INSTANT LATER, AS LOIS HURTLES DOWNWARD...

BY TYING IT TO THE STRANDS OF THIS DUMMY PARACHUTE... MOVING SO FAST THAT I CAN'T BE SEEN... IT'LL SEEM AS IF LOIS SELECTED THE GOOD 'CHUTE!









"I FIRST REALIZED IT WAS A ROBOT WHEN I RETURNED WITH YOU FROM MEXICO..."

PERRY'S FACE...RIGHT NEXT TO THAT MIRROR...AND YET, HIS VAPOR ISN'T CLOUDING IT! HE...HE'S A **ROBOT** PERRY... PERFECT IN EVERY RESPECT, EXCEPT THAT HE **DOESN'T BREATHE!**

"WHEN THAT BULLET WAS FIRED AT THE REAL PERRY, I MELTED IT WITH THE HEAT OF MY X-RAY VISION, AND..."

I HAD TO MAKE THEM THINK THE PLAN HAD SUCCEEDED... SO THAT I COULD FOLLOW THEM BACK TO THEIR HIDE-OUT WITHOUT MAKING THEM SUSPICIOUS!

THEN YOU KNEW IT WAS A ROBOT PERRY ALL ALONG! WHY DIDN'T YOU EXPOSE IT?

BECAUSE I REALIZED THAT PERRY HAD BEEN KIDNAPPED... AND I COULDN'T REVEAL WHAT I KNEW TILL HE WAS OUT OF DANGER! THAT'S WHY I PRETENDED NOT TO BE HELPING YOU ON THOSE ASSIGNMENTS!

I DID WARN CLARK OF THE TRICK! THAT'S WHY HE FLED...TO CREATE THE IMPRESSION THAT LUTHOR'S SCHEME HAD WORKED!

HMM, SO THAT'S WHAT MAKES ED TORS TICK! FASCINATING!

ALSO SO THAT HE COULD SWITCH TO **SUPERMAN** AND TRAIL THAT HELICOPTER!

SOME WEEKS LATER, AS THE **WILSON AWARD** IS ABOUT TO BE ANNOUNCED...

FIRST I WANT TO EXPLAIN THAT I'M DISQUALIFYING **LOIS LANE'S** FEATS OF COURAGE BECAUSE **SUPERMAN** AIDED HER!

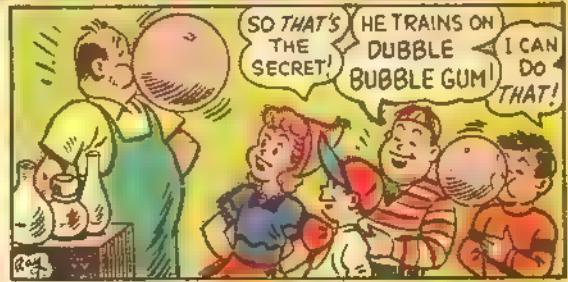
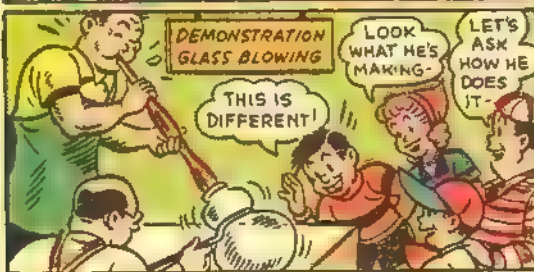
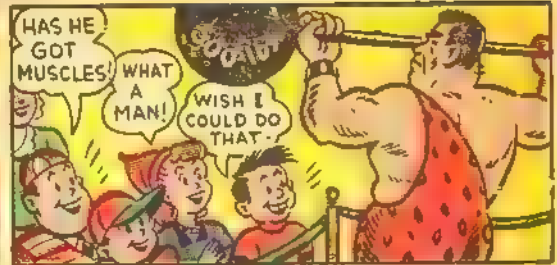
THAT'S ONLY FAIR! WELL, MAYBE NEXT TIME, **LOIS!** THAT AWARD DOESN'T MEAN SO MUCH TO THE **PLANET!**

HOWEVER, I AM AWARDED **LOIS** THE MEDAL FOR **MORAL COURAGE** IN CHOOSING TO GIVE UP HER JOB RATHER THAN BRAND CLARK KENT A MURDERER IN PRINT BEFORE SHE HAD ALL THE FACTS!

GOSH, I NEVER THOUGHT OF THE AWARD WHEN...

THAT'S JUST IT! **LOIS!** THE BRAVEST DEEDS ARE DONE WITHOUT EXPECTATION OF REWARDS! YOU'RE A **REAL REPORTER!**

the END



NOW!

**A THRILLING FULL-LENGTH
SUPERMAN MOTION PICTURE
IN EXCITING LIVE-ACTION!**

TERROR STALKS THE COUNTRYSIDE
AS WEIRD CREATURES
INVADE THE NIGHT
FROM THE MYSTERIOUS DEPTHS
OF THE EARTH'S VERY CENTER
TO CHALLENGE THE POWERS
OF THE MAN OF STEEL!

**DON'T
MISS
IT!**

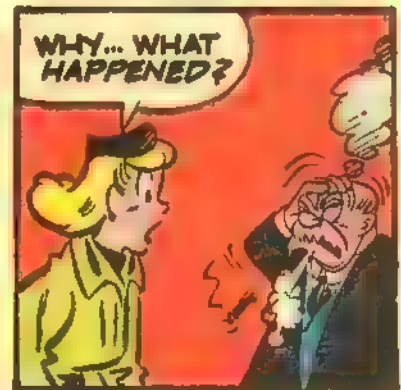
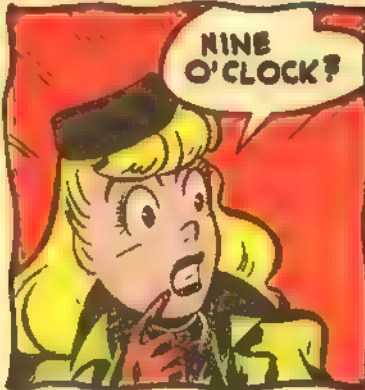
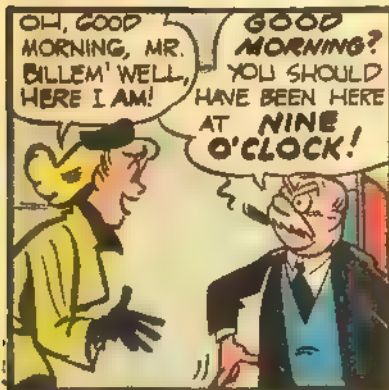
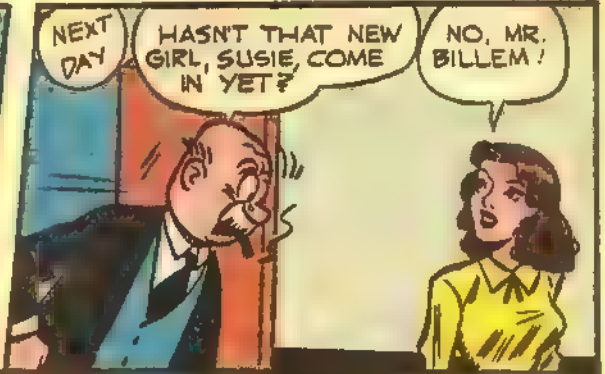
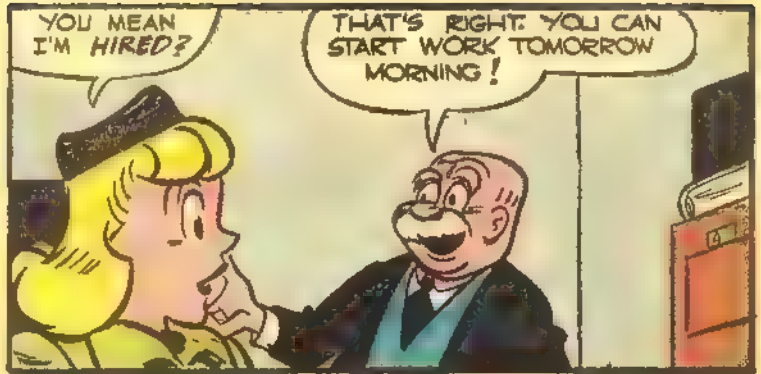


**SUPERMAN
AND THE
MoleMen**

RELEASED BY ROBERT L. LIPPERT

SHOW THIS PAGE TO THE MANAGER OF YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE AND ASK HIM
WHEN HE'S GOING TO SHOW THIS GREAT MOTION PICTURE!

SUSIE



ADVERTISEMENT

CHARLIE WILD
AND THE
HITCH-HIKER



Tommy TOMORROW

TO EVERY ONE OF THE GALLANT PLANETEERS WHO KEEP THE LAW OF SPACE, THERE COMES EVENTUALLY THE DAY WHEN HE IS TOO OLD FOR ACTIVE SERVICE! BUT TO COLONEL TOMMY TOMORROW, THAT DAY COMES WHEN HE IS STILL IN THE PRIME OF YOUTH! FOR A SINISTER SECRET OF SCIENCE SUDDENLY TURNS THE GREATEST OF YOUNG SPACE-HEROES INTO...

The EARTH-BOUND PLANETEER!"

HA, HA...
TOMMY TOMORROW
THINKS HE'S STILL A
YOUNG MAN! BUT HE'S
AN OLD DUFFER!

OUT IN SPACE AMONG THE WILD ASTEROIDS, A GRIM CHASE NEARS CONCLUSION AS TOMMY TOMORROW OF THE PLANETEERS OVERHAULS A DESPERATE FUGITIVE IN HIS SHIP, THE SPACE ACE!

DR. KARTHEN, FOR THE LAST TIME ... ARE YOU GOING TO SURRENDER?

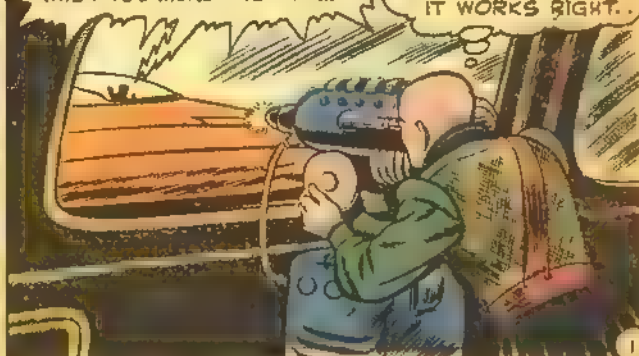
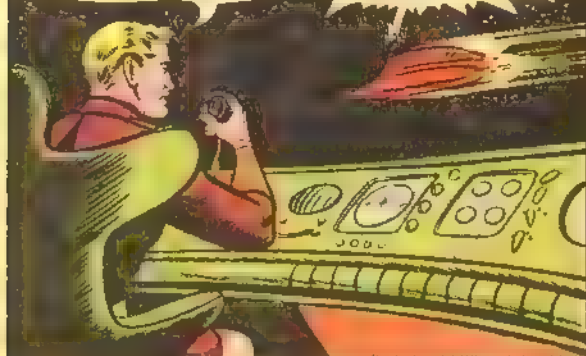
YES, YES, COLONEL TOMORROW! I'LL STOP MY SHIP!

BUT DR. JON KARTHEN, RENEGADE SCIENTIST WANTED FOR CRIMES ON MANY PLANETS, HAS NO INTENTION OF SURRENDERING!

I'M COMING ALONGS DE! AND I WANT THE MYSTERIOUS SCIENTIFIC WEAPON YOU STOLE FROM PROFESSOR SHANE WHEN YOU MURDERED HIM!

I HAVE IT READY FOR YOU!

READY TO USE ON YOU! IT'S AN AGE-RAY AND IF IT WORKS RIGHT...

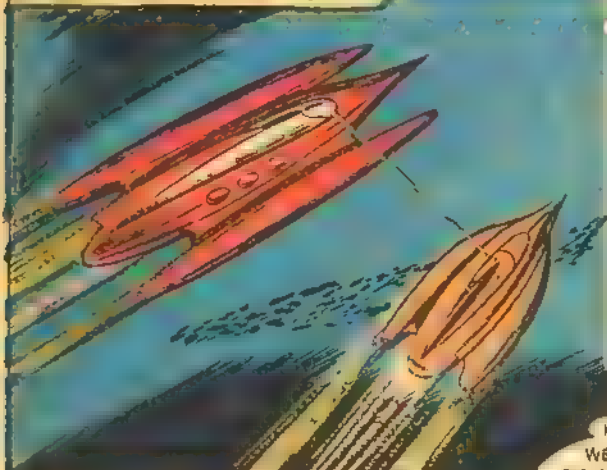




ACTION COMICS



ABRUPTLY, A PALE, GHOSTLY RAY STABS TOWARD THE SPACE ACE FROM THE CRIMINAL'S SHIP...

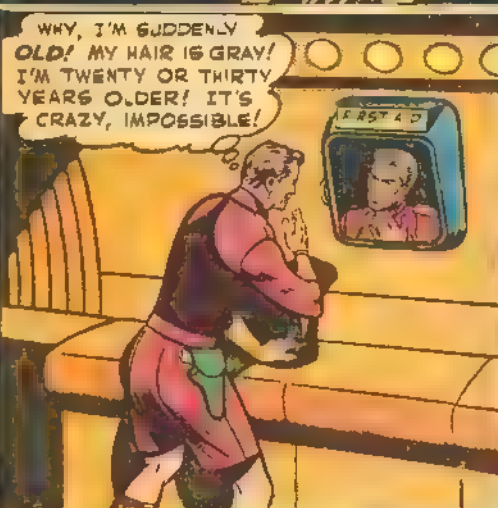


...AND AS THE GUSTLY FORCE HITS TOMMY TOMORROW, HE EXPERENCES AN UNUSUAL TRANSFORMATION!



HEY...WHAT'S HAPPENING...I FEEL STEADILY WEAK AND QUEER...

KARTHEN'S STOLEN MYSTERY-WEAPON! THAT'S WHAT IT DOES... AGES PEOPLE, YEARS IN SECONDS... AND HE USED IT ON ME! BUT OLD OR YOUNG, I'LL BRING HIM BACK!



WHY, I'M SUDDENLY OLD! MY HAIR IS GRAY! I'M TWENTY OR THIRTY YEARS OLDER! IT'S CRAZY, IMPOSSIBLE!

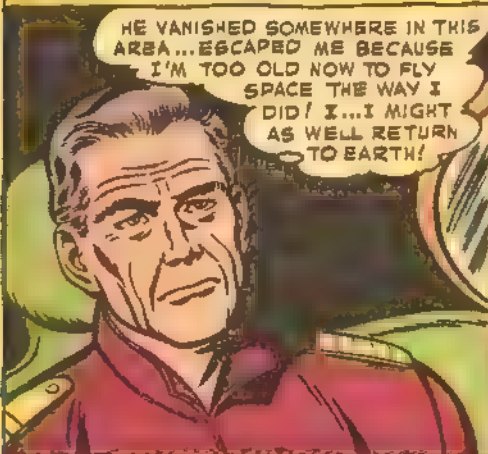


BUT AS THE CRIMINAL'S SHIP WHIRLS IN A DAZZLING LOOP THROUGH DANGEROUS ASTEROIDS.



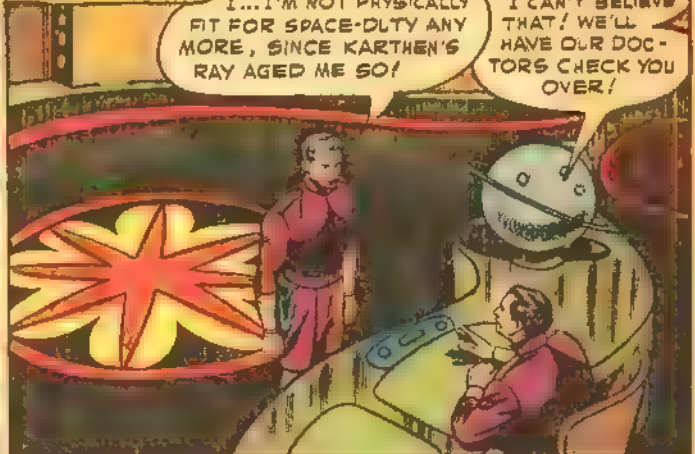
HE'S ESCAPING! AND I HAVEN'T GOT THE AGILITY TO KEEP UP TO THOSE DIZZY TURNS AND TWISTS OF HIS! AND MY EYES... I CAN'T SEE SO WELL ANYMORE!

AS HE SEARCHES IN VAIN, TOMMY TOMORROW ARRIVES AT A BITTER REALIZATION...



HE VANISHED SOMEWHERE IN THIS AREA...ESCAPED ME BECAUSE I'M TOO OLD NOW TO FLY SPACE THE WAY I DID! I...I MIGHT AS WELL RETURN TO EARTH!

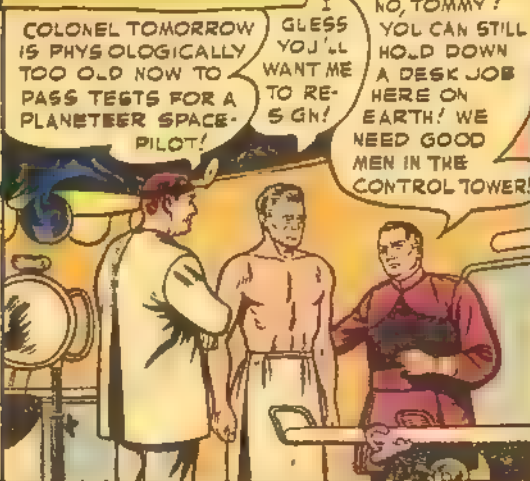
AN AMAZED COMMANDER HEARS HIS FINEST OFFICER MAKE A TRAGIC REPORT!



I...I'M NOT PHYSICALLY FIT FOR SPACE-DUTY ANY MORE, SINCE KARTHEN'S RAY AGED ME SO!

I CAN'T BELIEVE THAT! WE'LL HAVE OUR DOCTORS CHECK YOU OVER!

BUT THE VERDICT OF FUTURISTIC MEDICAL SCIENCE IS CONCLUSIVE!

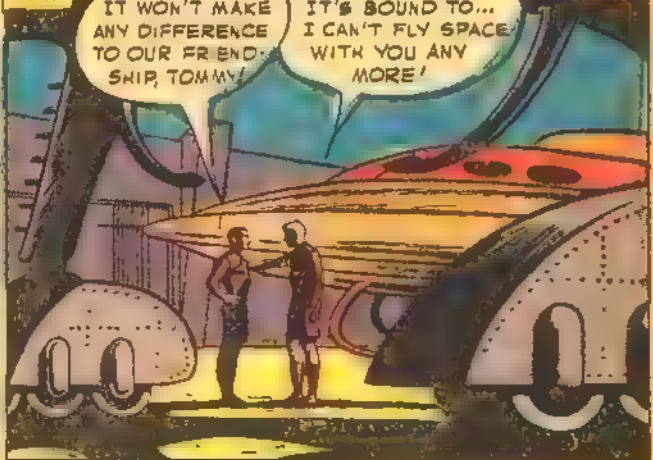


COLONEL TOMORROW IS PHYSIOLOGICALLY TOO OLD NOW TO PASS TESTS FOR A PLANETEER SPACE-PILOT!

I GUESS YOU'LL WANT ME TO RESIGN!

NO, TOMMY! YOU CAN STILL HOLD DOWN A DESK JOB HERE ON EARTH! WE NEED GOOD MEN IN THE CONTROL TOWER!

A HEARTSICK TOMMY STARTS FOR HIS NEW ASSIGNMENT, AND NOT EVEN HIS LOYAL PAL, BRENT WOOD, CAN ENCOURAGE HIM!



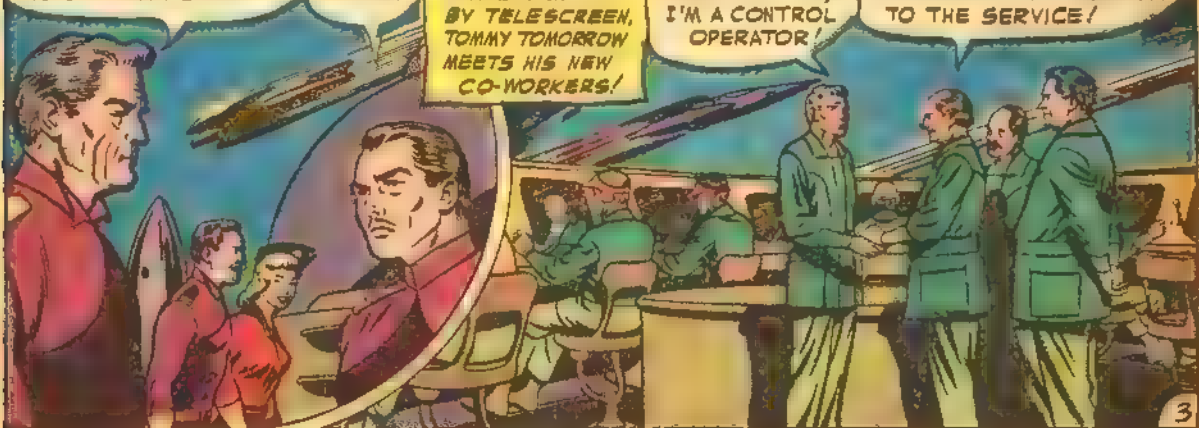
IT WON'T MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE TO OUR FRIENDSHIP, TOMMY!

IT'S BOUND TO... I CAN'T FLY SPACE WITH YOU ANY MORE!

SPACE-PILOTING, DATES WITH GIRLS, AND SPORTS, ARE ALL FOR YOUNG MEN... NO LONGER FOR ME!

BUT, TOMMY...

IN THE GREAT CONTROL TOWER THAT REGULATES SPACE-TRAFFIC BY TELESCREEN, TOMMY TOMORROW MEETS HIS NEW CO-WORKERS!



I'M GROUNDED FOR GOOD... FROM NOW ON, I'M A CONTROL OPERATOR!

WELCOME TO OUR GROUP. THEY CALL US THE "HAS-BEEN PLANETEERS", BUT WE'RE MIGHTY IMPORTANT TO THE SERVICE!



ACTION COMICS



IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOW, THE FORMER GREAT ACE OF THE SPACE-LANES LEARNS THE DUTIES OF THE "HAS-BEEN PLANETEERS"!

RANGER TO TOWER... REQUEST LANDING ORDERS!

TOWER TO RANGER... COME IN PAST THE MOON ON SPACE-LANE 14!

YOU'RE OKAY, TOMMY, YOU'RE BEGINNING TO GET THE HANG OF IT!

TOWER TO SHIP PALLAS... AVOID LANE 99! METEOR SWARM IS REPORTED ON IT!

OKAY, POP... THANKS FOR THE WARNING!

HE CALLED ME "POP," AND YET I'M REALLY ONLY A FEW YEARS OLDER THAN HE IS!

THESE SMART-ALECK YOUNG PILOTS ARE ALL TOO IMPUDENT! THEY OUGHT TO HAVE SOME RESPECT FOR MEN WITH OUR RECORDS!

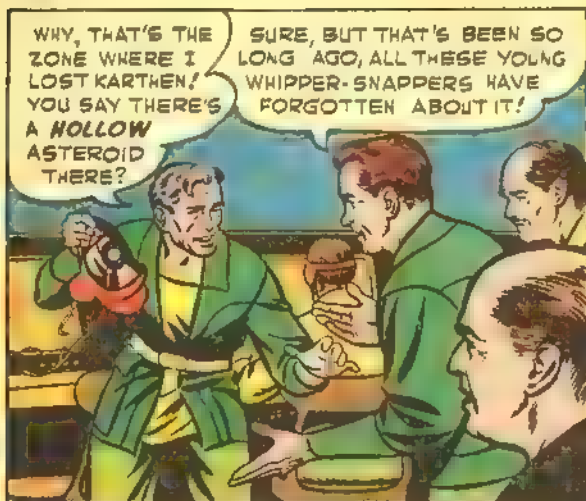
"WHY, I WAS THE FIRST PILOT EVER TO LAND A SHIP ON THE VOLCANO MOON OF JUPITER!"

"AND I PILOTED THE FIRST PARTY EVER TO EXPLORE THE NIGHT SIDE OF MERCURY!"

"AND I HELPED RUN DOWN RED-JACK'S SPACE-PIRATES, WHEN THEY TRIED TO HIDE FROM US IN THEIR HOLLOW ASTEROID OUT BY CERES!"

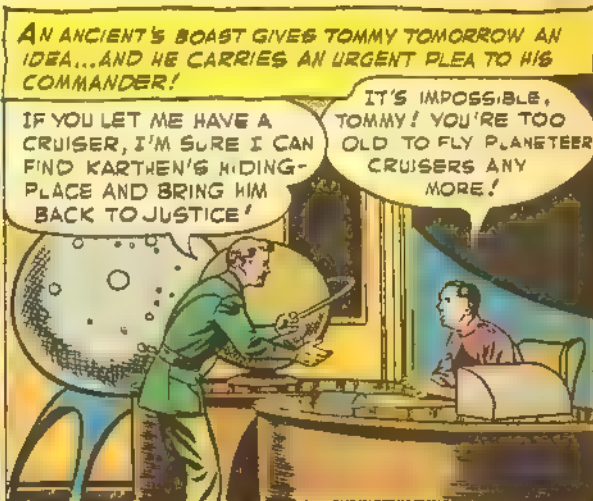


ACTION COMICS



WHY, THAT'S THE ZONE WHERE I LOST KARTHEN! YOU SAY THERE'S A **HOLLOW** ASTEROID THERE?

SURE, BUT THAT'S BEEN SO LONG AGO, ALL THESE YOUNG WHIPPER-SNAPPERS HAVE FORGOTTEN ABOUT IT!



AN ANCIENT'S BOAST GIVES TOMMY TOMORROW AN IDEA...AND HE CARRIES AN URGENT PLEA TO HIS COMMANDER!

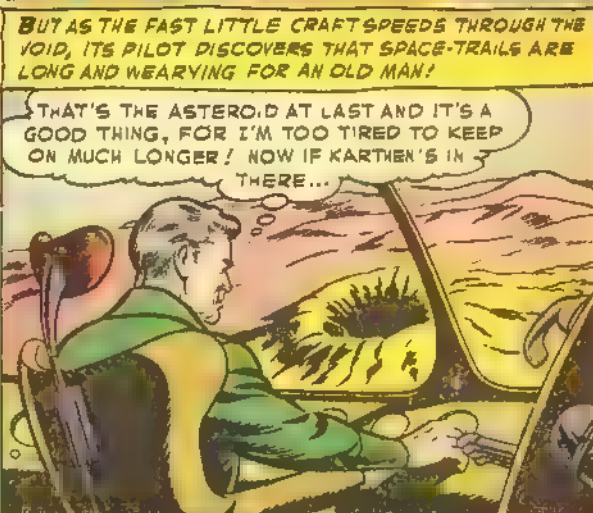
IF YOU LET ME HAVE A CRUISER, I'M SURE I CAN FIND KARTHEN'S HIDING-PLACE AND BRING HIM BACK TO JUSTICE!

IT'S IMPOSSIBLE, TOMMY! YOU'RE TOO OLD TO FLY PLANETEER CRUISERS ANY MORE!



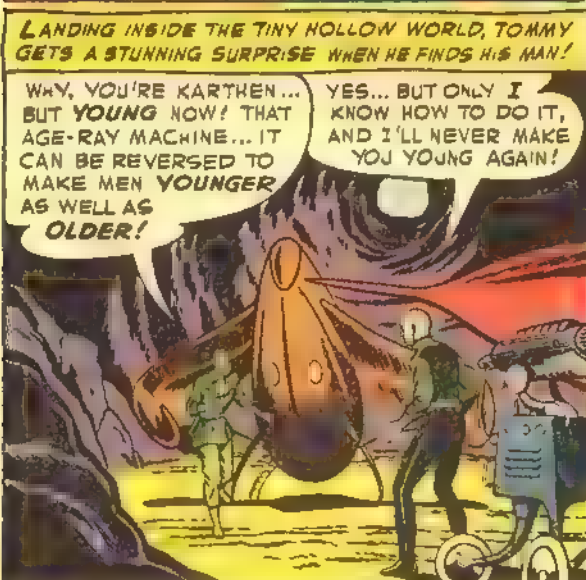
BUT YOU CAN HAVE MY OWN PRIVATE SPACE-CRUISER FOR AN UNOFFICIAL MISSION... AND GOOD LUCK!

THANKS, SIR!



BUT AS THE FAST LITTLE CRAFT SPEEDS THROUGH THE VOID, ITS PILOT DISCOVERS THAT SPACE-TRAILS ARE LONG AND WEARYING FOR AN OLD MAN!

THAT'S THE ASTEROID AT LAST AND IT'S A GOOD THING, FOR I'M TOO TIRED TO KEEP ON MUCH LONGER! NOW IF KARTHEN'S IN THERE...



LANDING INSIDE THE TINY HOLLOW WORLD, TOMMY GETS A STUNNING SURPRISE WHEN HE FINDS HIS MAN!

WHY, YOU'RE KARTHEN... BUT **YOUNG** NOW! THAT AGE-RAY MACHINE... IT CAN BE REVERSED TO MAKE MEN **YOUNGER** AS WELL AS **OLDER**!

YES... BUT ONLY I KNOW HOW TO DO IT, AND I'LL NEVER MAKE YOU YOUNG AGAIN!



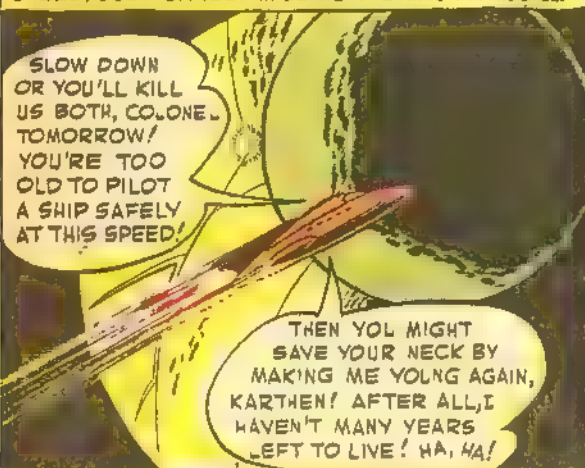
MAYBE YOU'LL CHANGE YOUR MIND! I'M TAKING YOU AND THE STOLEN APPARATUS BACK TO EARTH... AND FAST!



ACTION COMICS

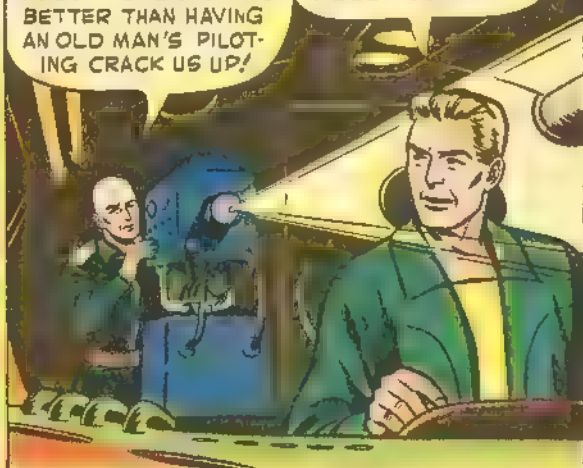


AS TOMMY'S SHIP RACES HOMEWARD AT TERRIFIC SPEED, JUST BARELY MISSING THE MARTIAN MOONS...

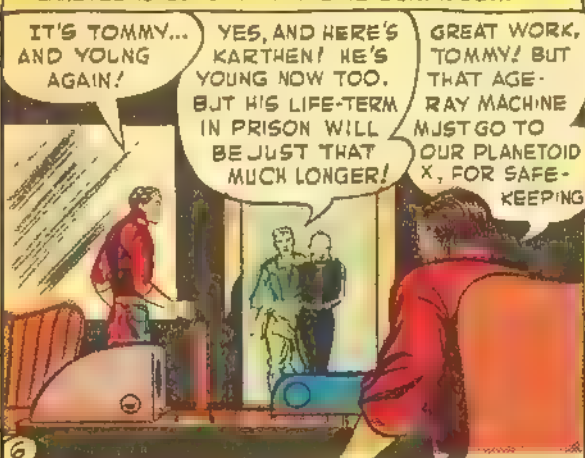


ALL RIGHT, YOU OLD FOOL. I GIVE UP! IT'S BETTER THAN HAVING AN OLD MAN'S PILOTING CRACK US UP!

IT'S WORKING... I FEEL YOUNGER...



AND PRESENTLY, THE COMMANDER OF THE PLANETEERS GETS AN AMAZING SURPRISE...

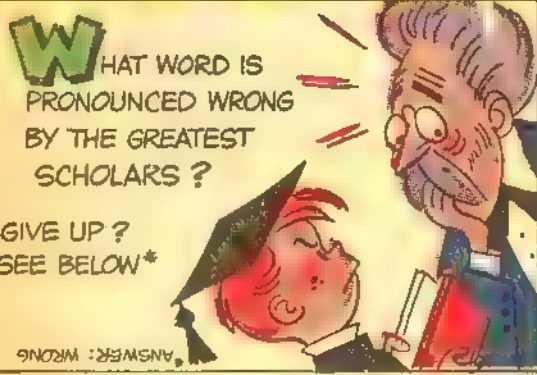


AND WHEN THE SPACE ACE TAKES OFF, CONTROL TOWER OPERATORS GET AN UNEXPECTED SALUTATION...



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I am enclosing 25¢ plus the front panel of one Smith Brothers box, any flavor, for which please send me the "Good Luck" Ring with my initials

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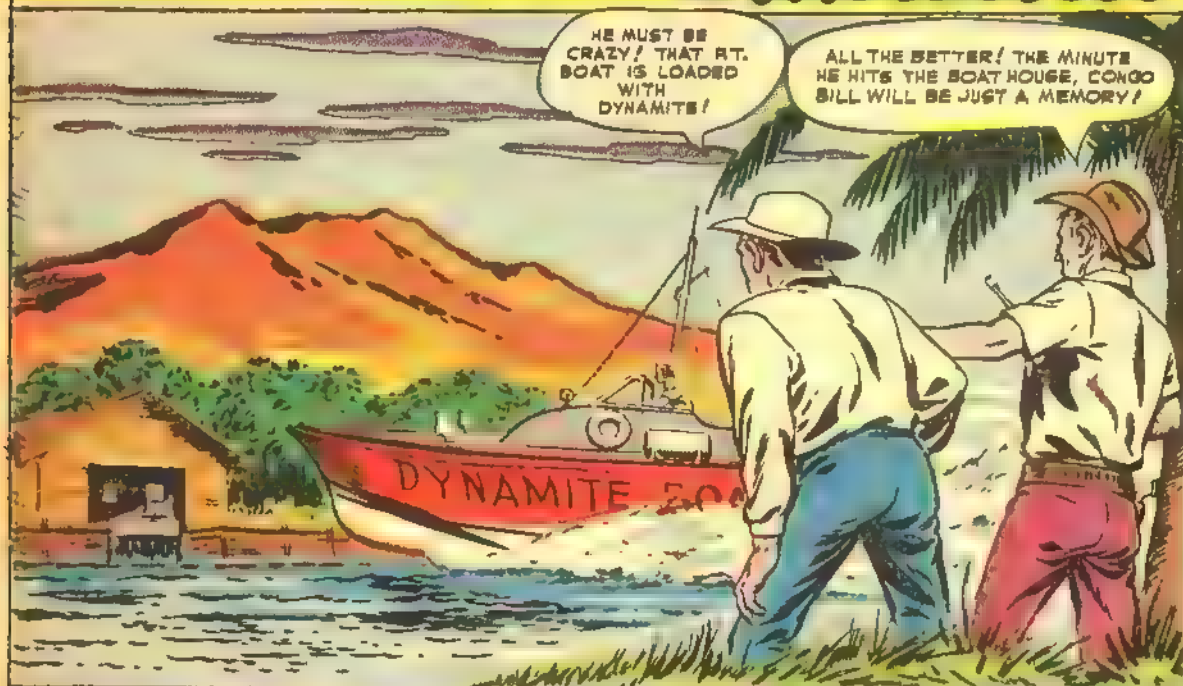
Send to Smith Bros., P.O. Box 424, Providence, R. I.



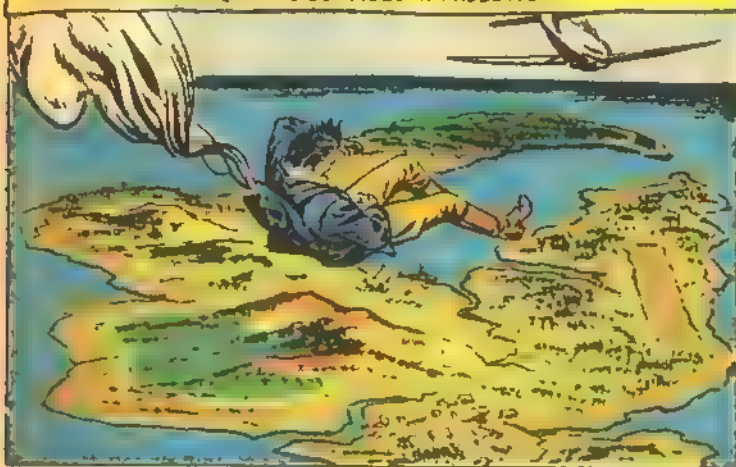
CONGO BILL

FROM EVERY CORNER OF THE GLOBE THEY CAME... DESPERATE KILLERS FLEEING JUSTICE... TO THIS REMOTE ISLAND, WHERE SANCTUARY COULD BE HAD... FOR A FAT FEE! AND WHEN INTERNATIONAL POLICE FORCES FOUND THEMSELVES UNABLE TO FERRET OUT THIS REFUGE FOR THE LAWLESS, IT REMAINED FOR CONGO BILL, ACE ADVENTURER, TO PIT HIS BRAIN AND BRAWN AGAINST THE WORLD'S MOST WANTED BADMEN, WHEN HE EMBARKED ON...

A "MISSION TO MALAYA"



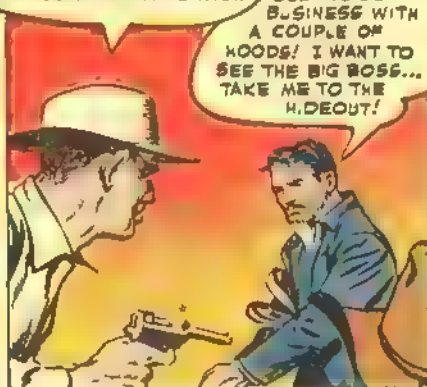
ON A REMOTE ISLAND, 50 MILES OFF THE COAST OF MALAYA, A CONVERTED THUNDERBOLT BRUSQUELY DISCHARGES A PASSENGER



AND SOON, ALONG A CRUDE LANDING STRIP,

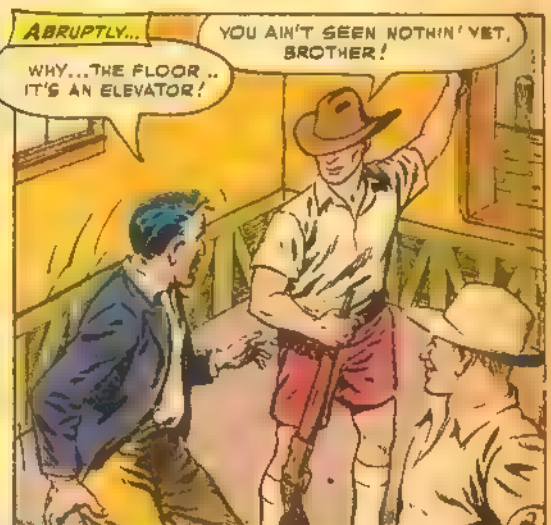
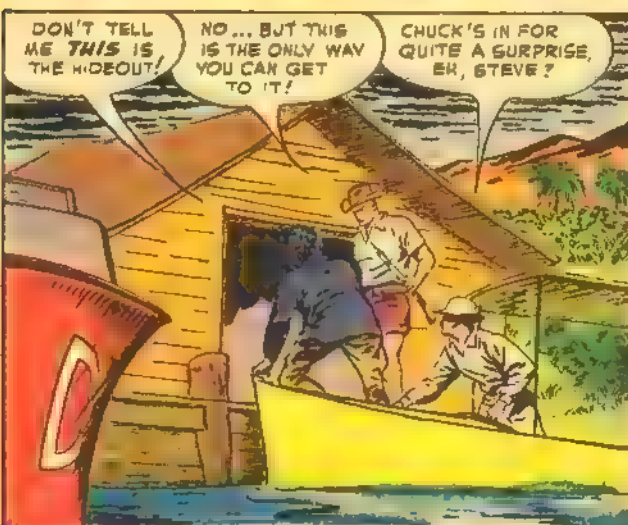
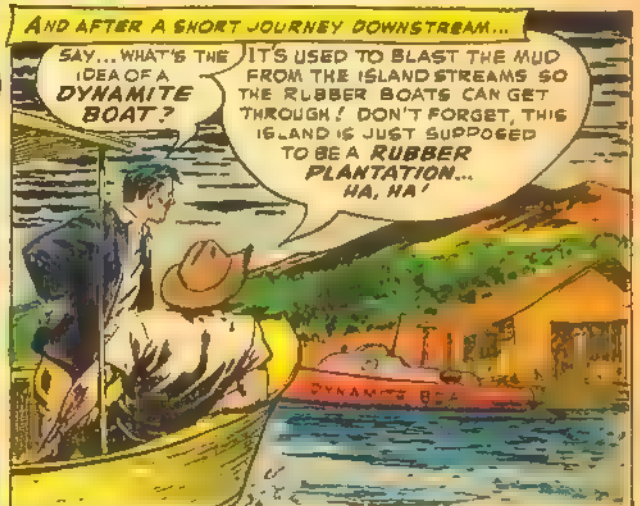
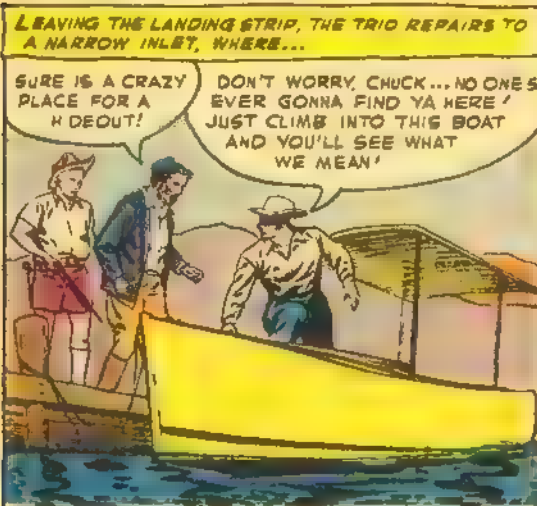
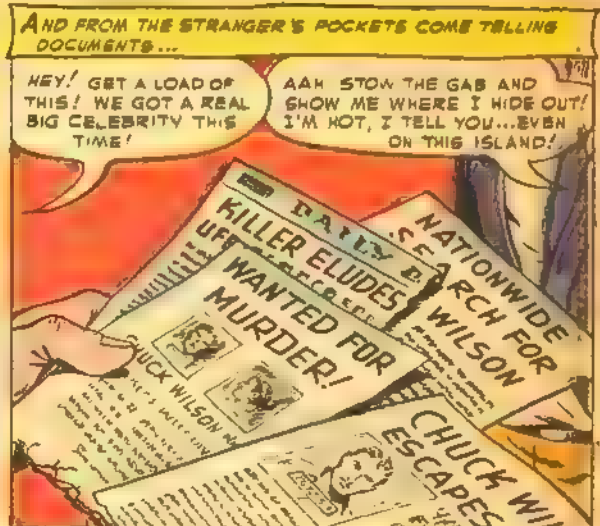
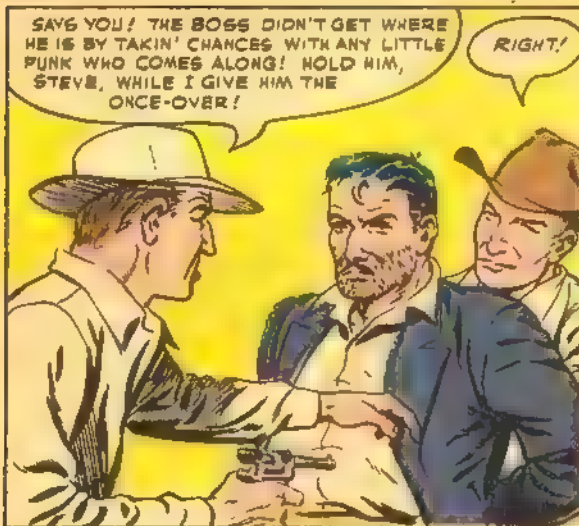
OKAY, PAL... HAND OVER THE TEN-GRAND... AND LET'S SEE SOME PROOF OF YOUR IDENTIFICATION!

OH, YEAH? I DIDN'T TRAVEL 8,000 MILES JUST TO DO BUSINESS WITH A COUPLE OF HOODS! I WANT TO SEE THE BIG BOSS... TAKE ME TO THE HIDEOUT!





ACTION COMICS





ACTION COMICS



PRESENTLY...

WHAT A SET-UP! WHO'S THE SMART COOKE WHO RUNS THIS OUTFIT?

AT YOUR SERVICE... JASON BROCK, IN PERSON! WELCOME TO MY UNDERGROUND HAVEN FOR HOODS... FEATURING THE FINEST IN LODGINGS AND CL SINE FOR THE CRIMINAL WHO CAN AFFORD IT!

I SURE MUST HAND IT TO YOU, BROCK! I HEARD OF THIS PLACE LONG AGO... BUT WHEN I LOCATED ONE OF YOUR AGENTS IN WALES, AND HE OFFERED TO BRING ME HERE, I DIDN'T BELIEVE IT!

YES... EVERY GUEST HERE IS A TOP CRIMINAL... AND THERE ARE AT LEAST 200 PAYING GUESTS HERE RIGHT NOW!

THE BRITISH POLICE IN MALAYA PAY US VISIT FROM TIME TO TIME... BUT, NATURALLY, THEY NEVER DISCOVER ANYTHING...

WE'LL HAVE TO TRY ANOTHER ISLAND! WE'VE SEARCHED EVERY SPOT OF GROUND ON THIS ONE, LIEUTENANT... BUT NO SIGN OF A HIDEOUT HERE!

NATURALLY! I TOLD YOU I ONLY RUN A RUBBER PLANTATION HERE!

SO YOU SEE, YOU'RE PERFECTLY SAFE HERE! STEVE... TAKE MR. WILSON TO HIS ROOM, SEARCH HIM, THEN GIVE HIM A CHANGE OF CLOTHING! WE INSIST ON THIS, MR. WILSON, AS AN ADDED PRECAUTION!

AND THE MINUTE THEY DO, THEY'LL FIND OUT WHAT'S HIDDEN ON ME!

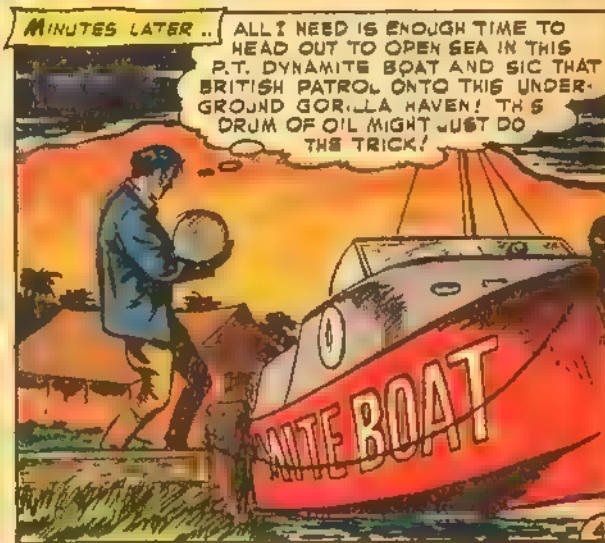
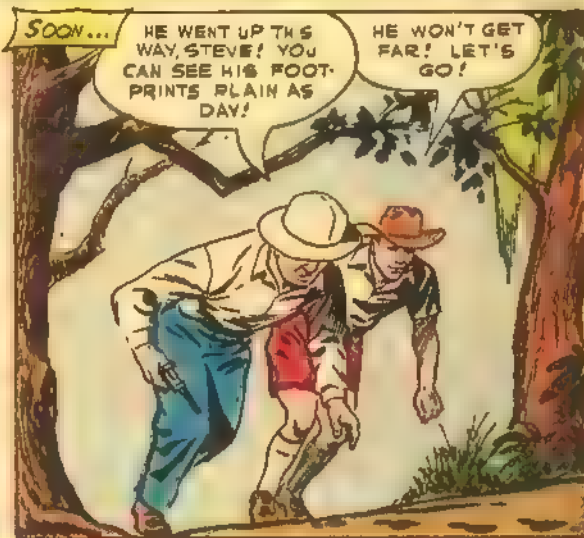
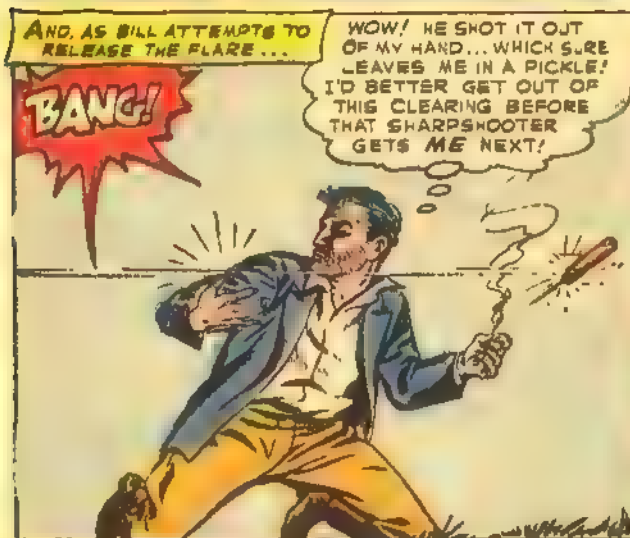
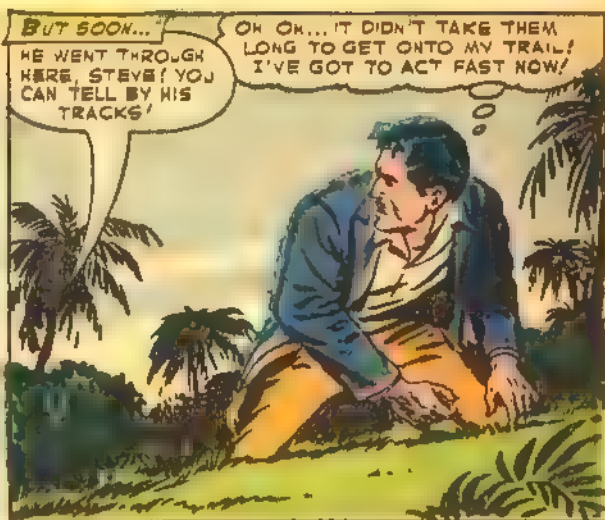
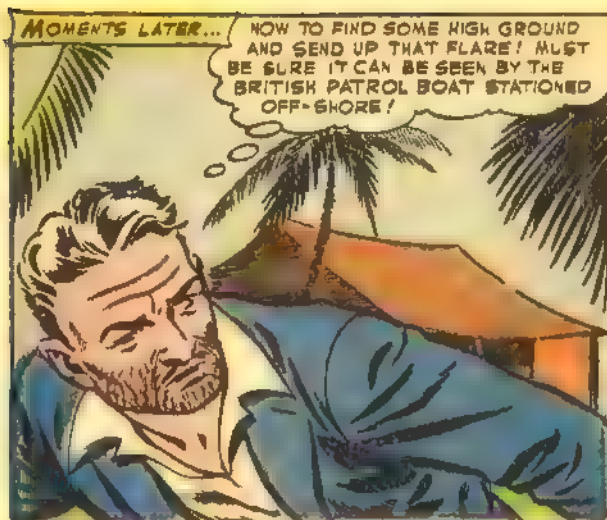
LOOKS LIKE IT'S TIME FOR ME TO STOP BEING CHUCK WILSON AND GO BACK TO BEING CONGO BILL!

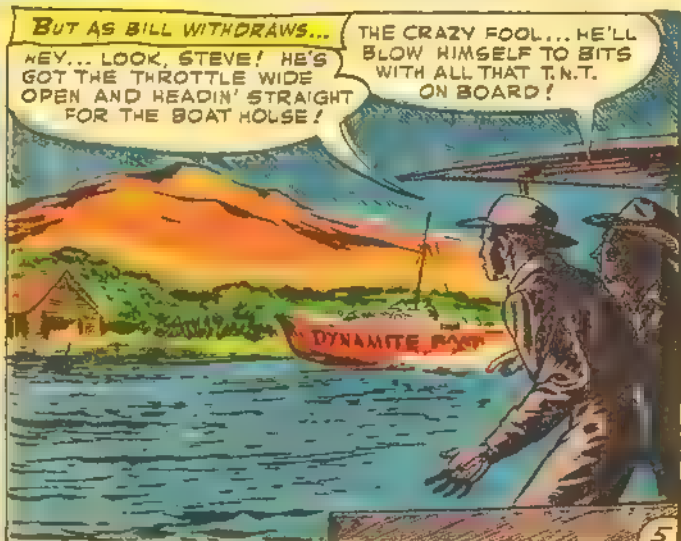
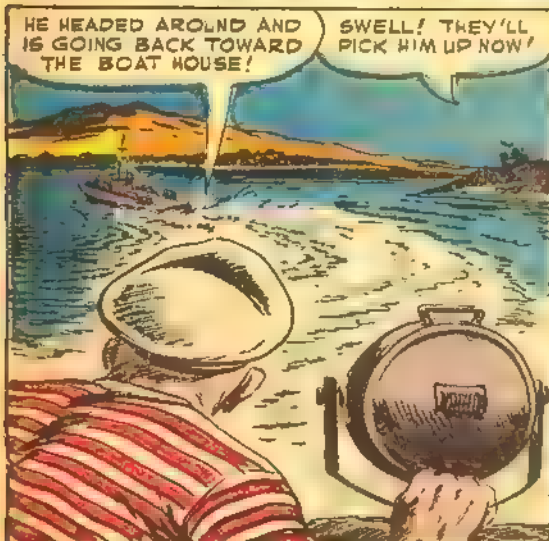
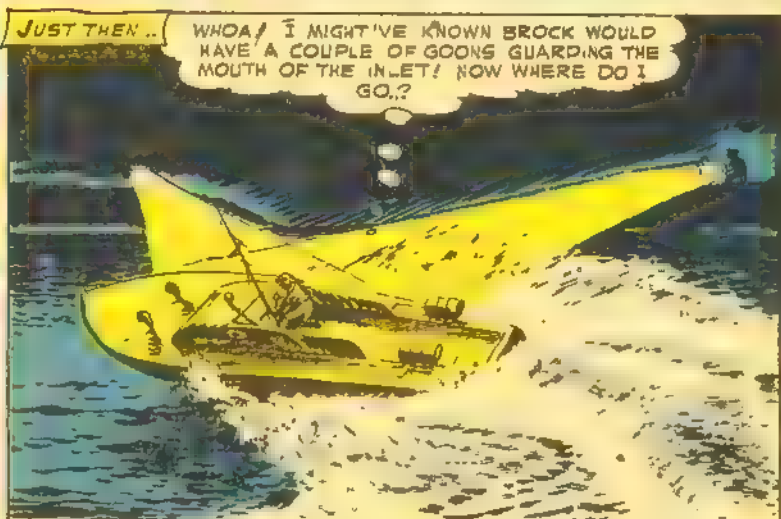
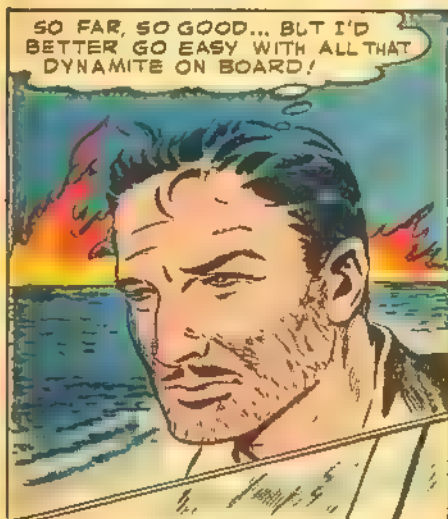
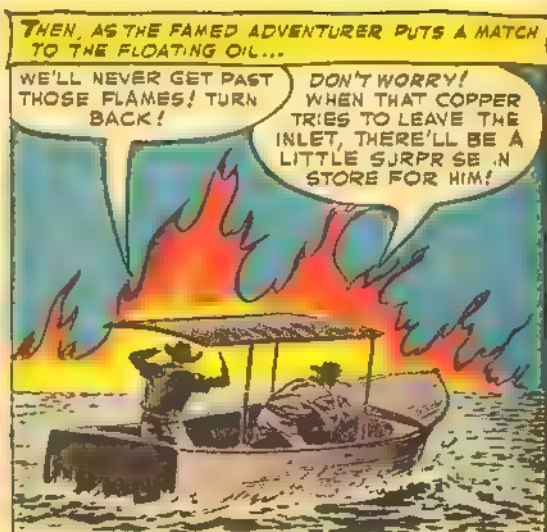
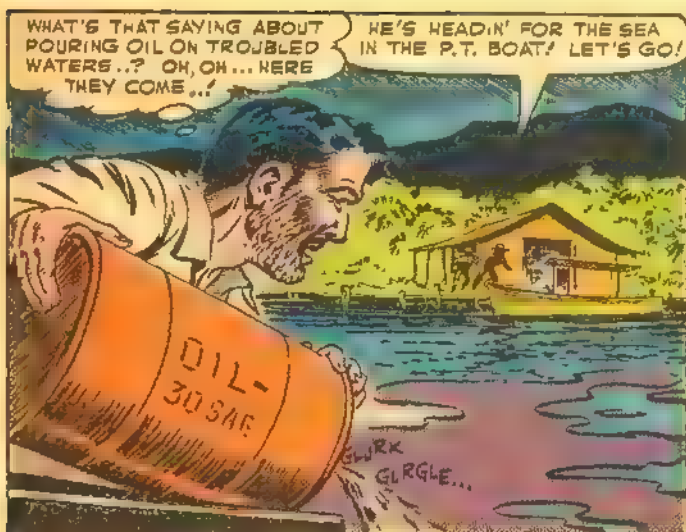
SORRY, GENTS, BUT I'VE HAD A SUDDEN CHANGE OF PLANS! CANCEL MY RESERVATIONS, BROCK!

HUH? COUGH COUGH TEAR GAS!

GET HIM! COUGH HE'S A COPPER!

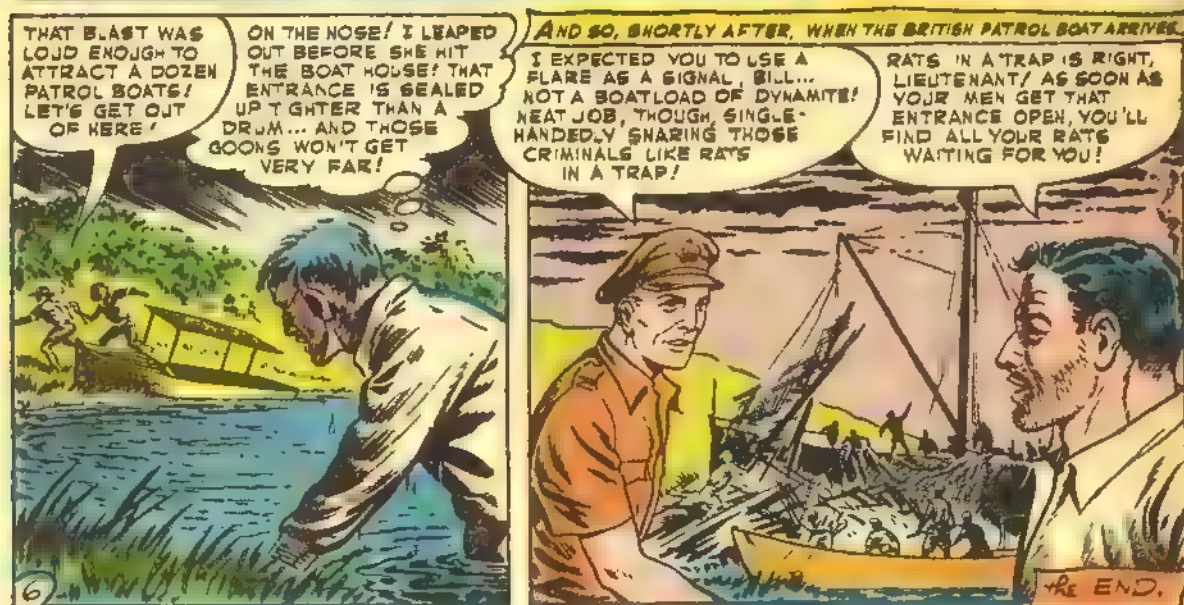
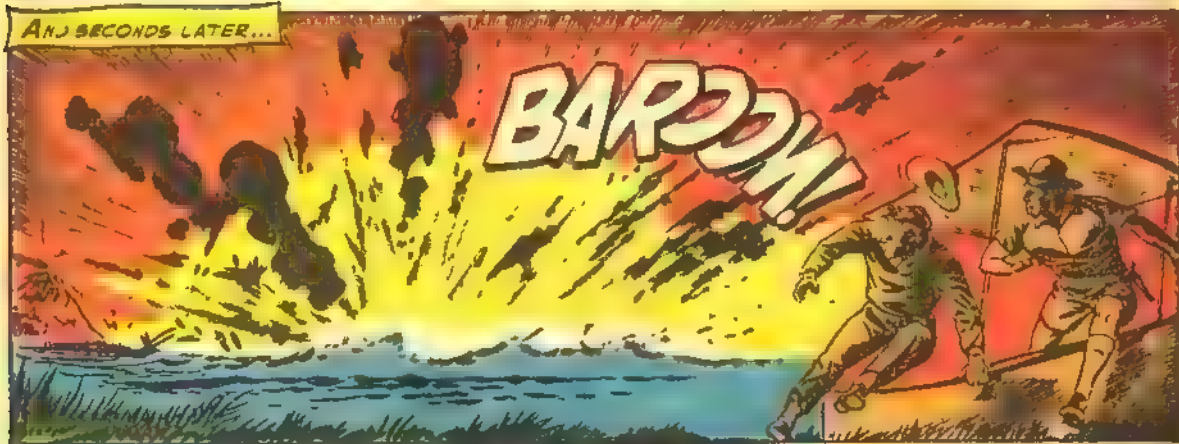
FRANK... COUGH THAT NEW GUEST... HE'S FROM THE POLICE! STATION YOURSELF DOWNSTREAM AND SHOOT HIM IF HE TRIES TO GET A BOAT OUT OF HERE! I'LL SEND STEVE AND JOE AFTER HIM, SOON AS THE ELEVATOR GETS BACK DOWN!







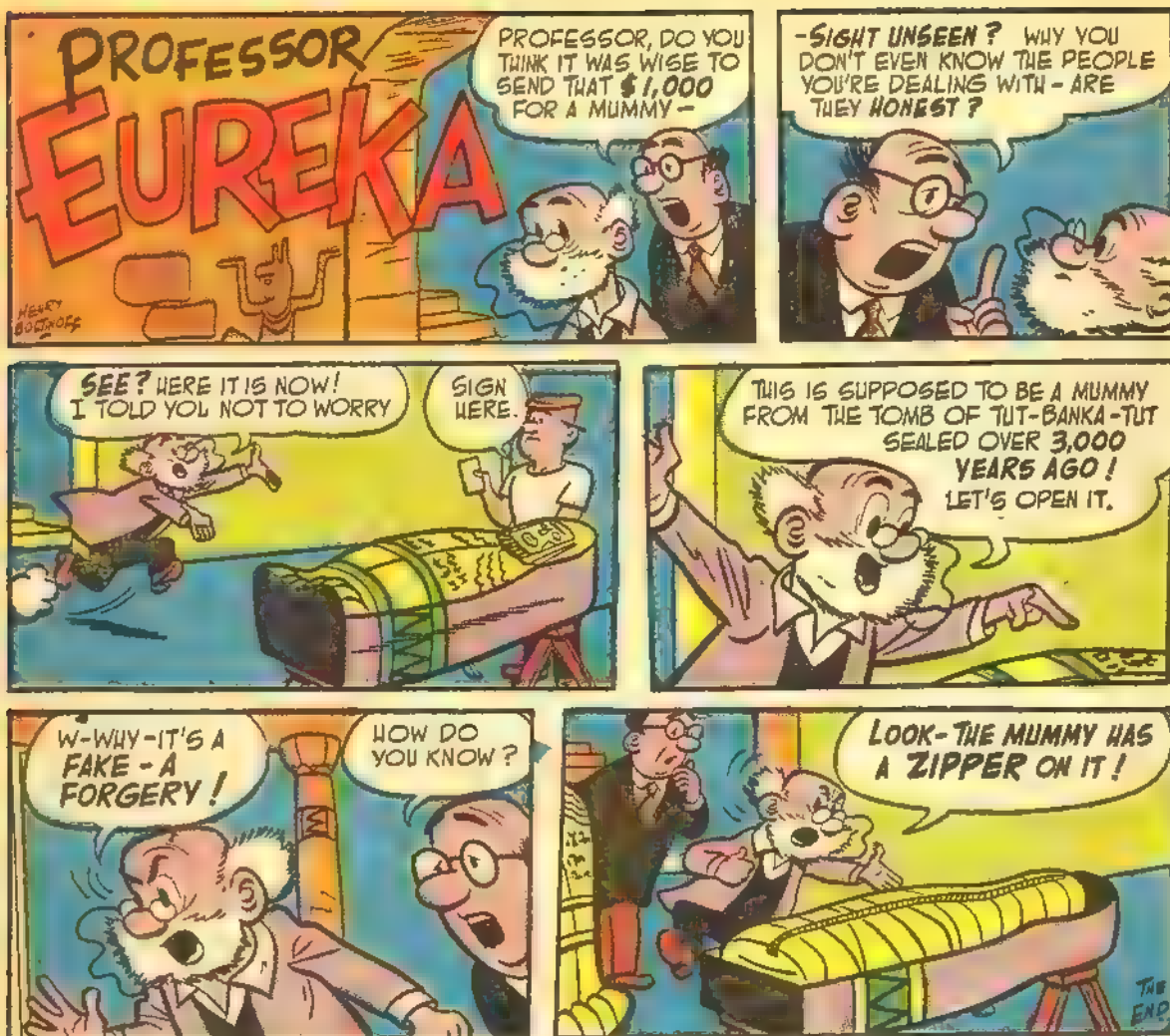
ACTION COMICS



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SUPERMEN OF AMERICA

SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE

(Code Jupiter No. 4)

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SUPERMAN,
c/o ACTION COMICS
480 LEXINGTON AVENUE, N. Y. C. 17, N. Y.

March 1952

Dear Superman:

Please enroll me as a Member of the SUPERMEN of AMERICA. I enclose 10c to cover cost of mailing. It is understood that I am to receive my Membership Certificate, Emblem and Superman Code.

NAME..... AGE.....

STREET ADDRESS.....

CITY..... ZONE..... STATE.....



MOST people get the collecting bug at least once in a lifetime. Some collections are really strange and have no value and seemingly no purpose. Some are extremely valuable and do have a reason behind them. Stamps, antiques, and things like that have a function as well as intrinsic value.

But, what about collecting such things as match covers and bottle tops?

People have a fondness for gathering things. Sometimes, over a period of years, collections become so extensive as to be unmatched anywhere in the world. Other people just collect things for their sentimental value, remembrances of places they have visited or people they have known.

Whatever the reason, whatever the worth, collecting is a human disease and we all suffer from it.

Ordinary people like you and I are not the only collectors, but some of our most famous citizens are also victims of this bug! Some of the greatest collectors of all are our own legislators. United States Representatives and Senators have some of the strangest collections in the whole country.

Usually, at least part of these collections are kept right in their Washington D. C., offices. Most of these collections are related to the legislators' jobs, their political campaigns or people they have known or admired. There are paintings, photographs,

statues, books, models, miniatures, cartoons, medals, trophies and so on. Every conceivable type of gadget can be found as the cherished mementos of the men who run our government.

In the offices of almost every Senator and Representative are photographs, paintings, and products of their home states. Western lawmakers, for example, frequently have various sorts of cowboy gear prominently displayed. Democratic Senator J. William Fulbright has examples of industrial products from his state of Arkansas. A delegate from Alaska has a collection of totem poles in his office, one of them as tall as seven feet.

Most Senators and Representatives also have family pictures and personal mementos which wouldn't mean anything to the casual observer. Democratic Senators Lyndon B. Johnson of Texas and Kenneth McKellar of Tennessee have pictures of children who have been named after them.

Most of these officials have photos and memorabilia of their political careers. Senator Allen J. Ellender, Jr., a Democrat from the state of Louisiana has many such photographs. Vice President Alben W. Barkley has an interesting collection of cartoons depicting his 38 years in Congress, most of them poking fun at him.

Senator Estes Kefauver from Tennessee keeps the coonskin Daniel Boone hat he

wore during his senatorial campaign, in a glass case in his office.

Republican Representative Leslie C. Arends from Illinois has two bull whips, which he received when he was majority whip of the House of Representatives in the 80th Congress.

Senator John J. Sparkman also has a whip, symbolic of the same job as whip which he held years ago. He also has a broken gavel, which he cracked when trying to bring the House to order after a loud debate about Civil Rights.

Almost all Senators and Representatives have something in their offices denoting their Republican or Democratic affiliations. Most Democrats have a donkey on their desks, and Republicans an elephant. Of the Republicans, Senator Styles Bridges of New Hampshire has the largest collection of elephants in Washington. They are made of crystal, wood, ivory and several other materials. One is so large that it stands on the floor, and one is so small, it's the size of a small fingernail. Senator Bridges has 112 in all.

Senator Robert A. Taft of Ohio has 61 elephants as well as a fine collection of pictures of his father, former President William Howard Taft. House Representative Joseph W. Martin, Jr., has 30 elephants, one a gift from President Truman, and Senator H. Alexander Smith, from New Jersey, has about 30, too.

The Democratic contingent is best represented by Representative Joseph R. Bryson of South Carolina who has 24 donkeys carved in varied materials. Along with the symbolic animals associated with political parties, usually there are pictures of famous Republicans or Democrats. Most Republicans have a picture of Abraham Lincoln on the wall of their offices, and most Democrats, a picture of Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Many of the Senators and Representatives have collections other than those associated with their careers in public life. Many collections are personal hobbies. Representative Frank W. Boykin from Alabama seems to collect almost anything. His office is a museum of all sorts of unnamed gadgets, guns, knives of historical value, statues, miniatures, models and knickknacks.

Senator Paul H. Douglas, the Democrat from Illinois, and Senator James H. Duff, the Republican from Pennsylvania, both collect books.

Senator Joseph R. McCarthy, Republican from Wisconsin, collects citations honoring him. Senator Wayne Morse, a Republican from Oregon, has a collection of trophies won by his own horses in shows, while Senator Harry P. Cain, State of Washington Republican, has a modest collection of his war decorations.

Democratic Senator Herbert H. Lehman from New York has a collection of porcelain dogs, all Boxers, since he and his wife were the first Americans to raise that breed of dog.

Representative James G. Fulton, Republican from Pennsylvania, is obviously fond of antiques and oil paintings which adorn his offices.

Representative Joseph R. Bryson from South Carolina has one of the best collections of Bibles in the capital, some dating back for centuries. He also has an impressive library of Confederate history. And Senator Homer E. Capehart, a Republican, has a collection of Lincoln memorabilia—paintings, photographs, lithographs and statuary—in his offices.

So, you see, whether you're an ordinary citizen or an important public figure, the collector's bug bites us all!

—Tom Shepard



VIGILANTE

WHEN THE BANKS OF DEEP RIVER COUNTY FELL EASY PREY TO MARAUDING OWLHOOTS, THE ARRIVAL OF VIGILANTE SEEMED A BOON TO LOCAL BANKERS! BUT AS THE DARING RIDER OF THE PURPLE SAGE LENT HIS KNOWLEDGE TO PREVENT FURTHER ROBBERIES, THE RESULTS BOOMERANGED—AND SCARED TOWNS—FOLK WATCHED HELPLESSLY WHILE VIGILANTE HIMSELF WAS FORCED TO WAGE BATTLE AGAINST...

"The TRICKSTER of DEEP RIVER COUNTY!"

GOLLY, VIG! ALL YOUR IDEAS FOR EXTRA BANK PROTECTION ARE BACKFIRING!

THUNDERATION, STUFF! WE'RE ACTUALLY HELPING THE OWLHOOTS!

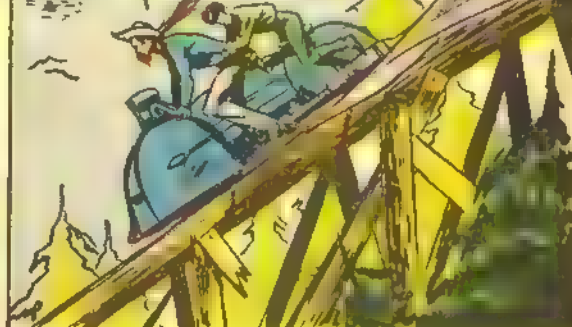
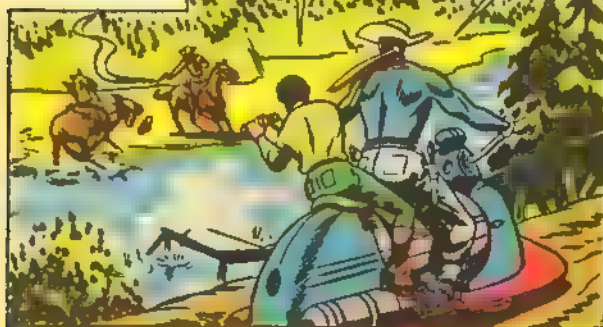
ONE NIGHT, AS VIGILANTE AND HIS YOUNG SIDEKICK, STUFF, RIDE ALONG A PRECIPICE IN DEEP RIVER COUNTY...

VIG! THAT CRITTER JUST SHOT SOMEONE... AND THE VICTIM'S WEARING A SHERIFF'S BADGE!

HANG ON, STUFF! THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO HEAD DOWN THE CANYON SLOPE FROM HERE...

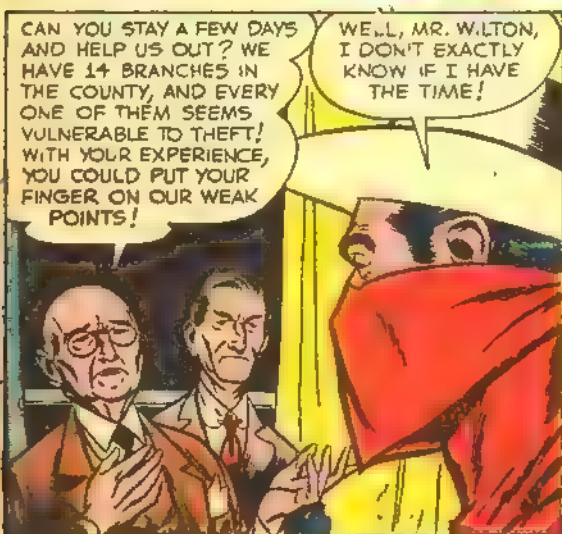
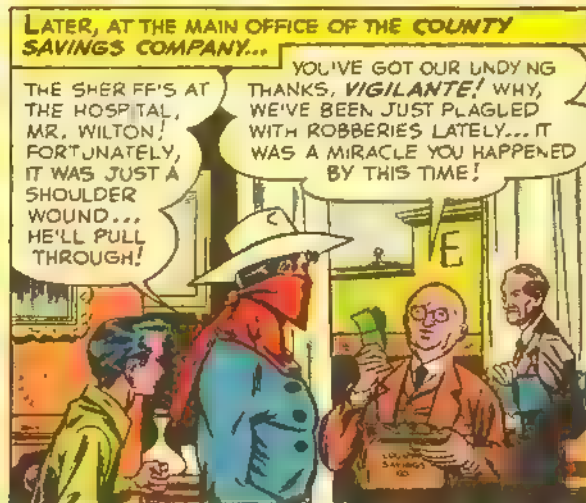
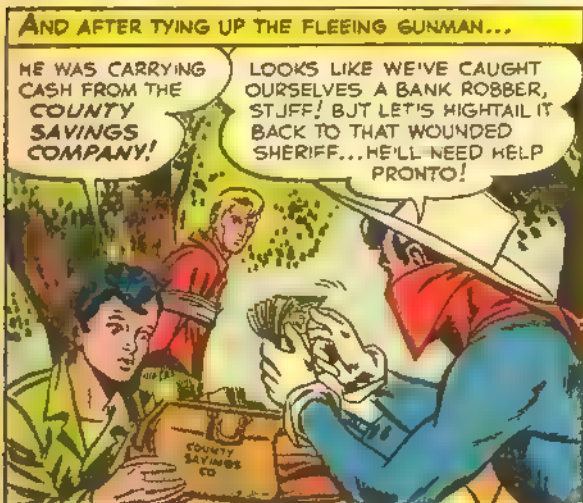
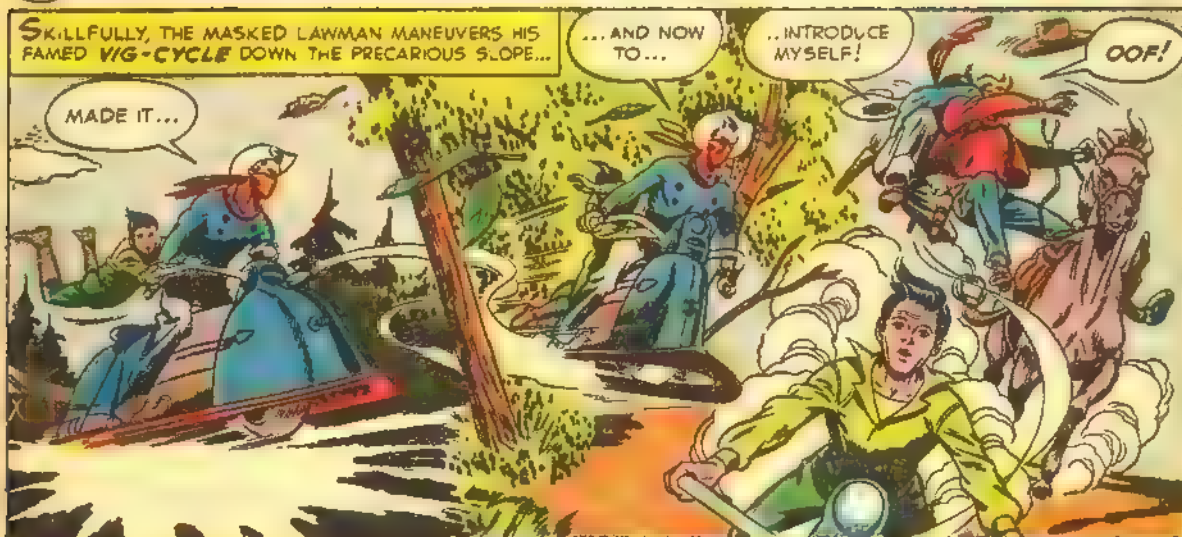
THIS OLD WOODEN CHUTE USED TO CARRY TIMBER TO THE RIVER BELOW, BUT THERE'S NO TELLING HOW STURDY SHE IS NOW!

GOT MY FINGERS CROSSED-- LET HER RIP, VIG!





ACTION COMICS





ACTION COMICS



SO SHORTLY AFTER AT THE CENTER STREET BRANCH...

WE THINK WE HAVE A SECURE BANK HERE, **VIGILANTE**... ELECTRICAL ALARMS UNDER EACH TELLER'S CAGE AND AT EACH WINDOW!

YES, I SEE... RECKON I MIGHT AS WELL GO INTO THIS THING WHOLE HOG AND HAVE A LOOK-SEE AT SOME OF THE OTHER BRANCHES! THANKS, MR. POTTER!



AND SEVERAL DAYS LATER, AFTER **VIGILANTE** HAS INVESTIGATED ALL THE BRANCH BANKS...

YOU SEE, GENTLEMEN, A WEAKNESS IN YOUR **CENTER STREET BRANCH** IS THAT OWLHOOTS COULD CUT THE OUTSIDE LIGHT LINES AND SEVER ALL ELECTRICAL ALARMS! YOU SHOULD USE AN ELECTRIC EYE SYSTEM WITH ITS **OWN** GENERATOR INSIDE!

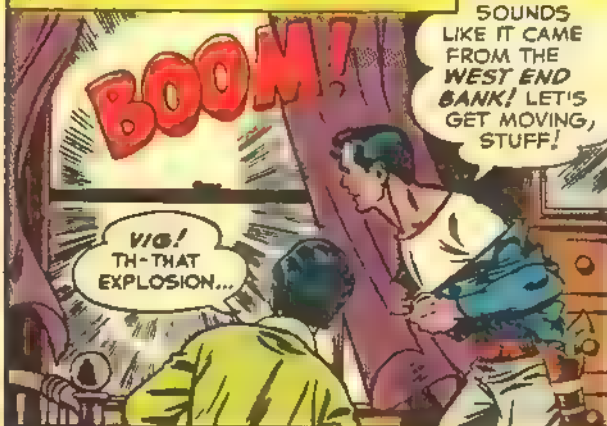


YOU'D BE MIGHTY SAFER IN YOUR **WEST END BRANCH** BY MOVING THE VAULT INTO THE CORNER, AWAY FROM THE WINDOWS! THAT WAY, BANK BUSTING CRITTERS WOULD COME UNDER A MORE DIRECT LINE OF FIRE, AND LACK A QUICK ESCAPE ROUTE!

BY THUNDER, HE'S RIGHT!



DILIGENTLY, EACH BRANCH MANAGER CARRIES OUT **VIGILANTE'S** INSTRUCTIONS--BUT ONE EVENING, AS HE AND STUFF PREPARE TO RETIRE...



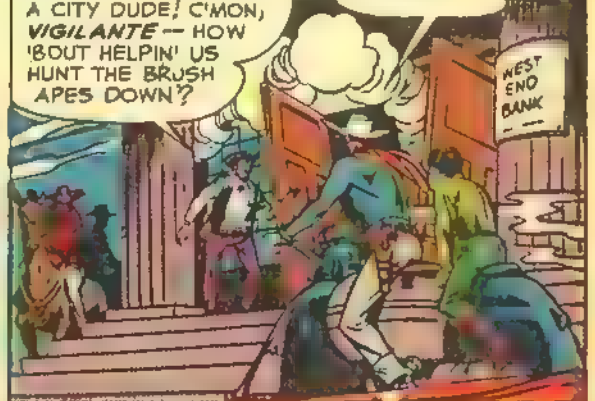
VIG! TH-THAT EXPLOSION...

SOUNDS LIKE IT CAME FROM THE **WEST END BANK**! LET'S GET MOVING, STUFF!

MINUTES LATER...

SAFE IS BUSTED WIDE OPEN AND CLEAN AS A CITY DUDE! C'MON, **VIGILANTE**--HOW 'BOUT HELPIN' US HUNT THE BRUSH APES DOWN?

SOME PROTECTION JOB WE DID ON THIS BABY...LET'S GO, **SHERIFF**!



BUT AS DAWN CREEPS OVER THE WESTERN SKY, A DISAPPOINTED POSSE RETURNS TO TOWN...

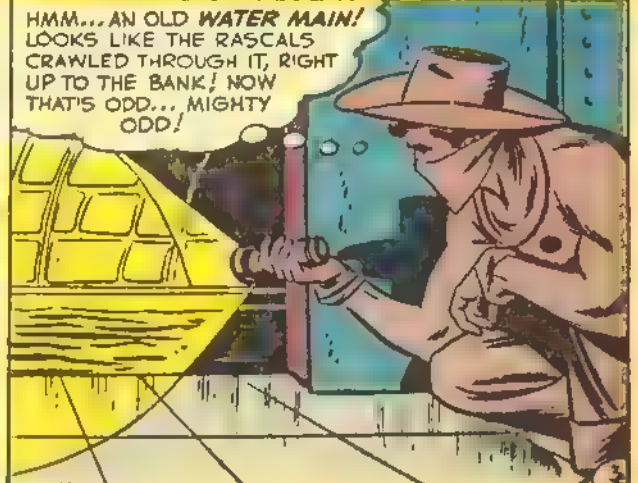
PRETTY SLICK CRITTERS ALL RIGHT! PICKED A NIGHT WHEN THERE WASN'T MOON ENOUGH TO TRACK A MULE TRAIN! CARE FOR SOME COFFEE, **VIGILANTE**?

NO, THANKS, **SHERIFF**... I WANT TO CHECK OVER THAT BLOWN SAFE! YOU CAN HIT THE HAY, STUFF...I'LL BE BACK LATER!



AND AT THE SCENE OF THE ROBBERY...

HMM...AN OLD **WATER MAIN**! LOOKS LIKE THE RASCALS CRAWLED THROUGH IT, RIGHT UP TO THE BANK! NOW THAT'S ODD... MIGHTY ODD!





ACTION COMICS



SEVERAL NIGHTS LATER, AS **VIGILANTE** LOOKS FOR CLUES IN HIS REAL-LIFE IDENTITY OF **GREG SANDERS**, THE **PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR**...

WE WON'T HAVE MUCH TIME FOR ENTERTAINING ON THIS TRIP, STUFF... THE **BANK BUSTERS** ARE A MIGHTY CLEVER LOT! I FIGURE WE MIGHT GET A TIP IF WE SPOT SOME KNOWN OWLHOOTS IN TOWN!

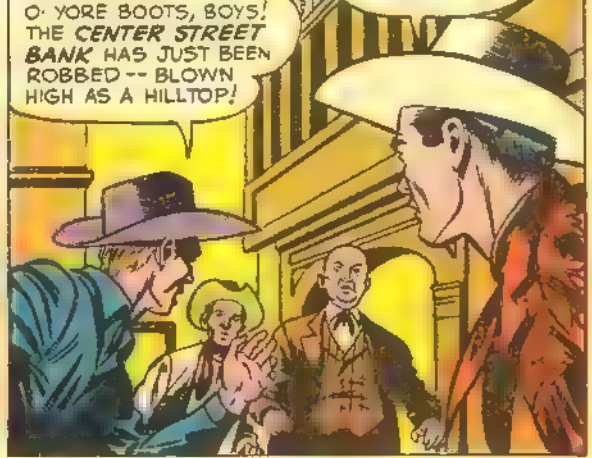
I SURE HOPE SO, P.T., BECAUSE RIGHT NOW, YOUR ADVICE ON **BANKS** LOOKS PRETTY SAD!



JUST THEN...

SHAKE THE DUST OUT O' YORE BOOTS, BOYS! THE **CENTER STREET BANK** HAS JUST BEEN ROBBED -- BLOWN HIGH AS A HILLTOP!

GREAT SCOTT! THEY'VE DONE IT AGAIN!



THIS TIME WE'VE GOT A FULL MOON! THOSE **PRAIRIE THIEVES** WILL HAVE TO DISAPPEAR INTO THIN AIR TO SHAKE US TONIGHT!

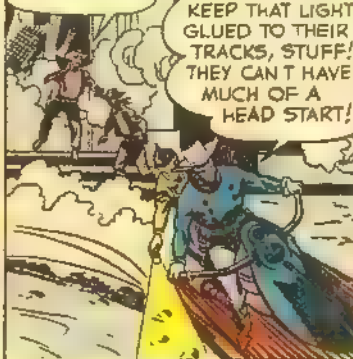
YOU BET, P.T.... I MEAN, **VIG!**



MOMENTS LATER, AS THE **RACING DUO** PICKS UP THE TRAIL OUTSIDE THE **BANK**...

HEY, **VIGILANTE!** HOLD UP!

NO TIME, **SHERIFF!** KEEP THAT LIGHT GLUED TO THEIR TRACKS, STUFF! THEY CAN'T HAVE MUCH OF A HEAD START!



SOON...

THERE THEY ARE! LET'S NOT WASTE ANY TIME... SET THE DELAYED BRAKES AND GET READY TO JUMP!

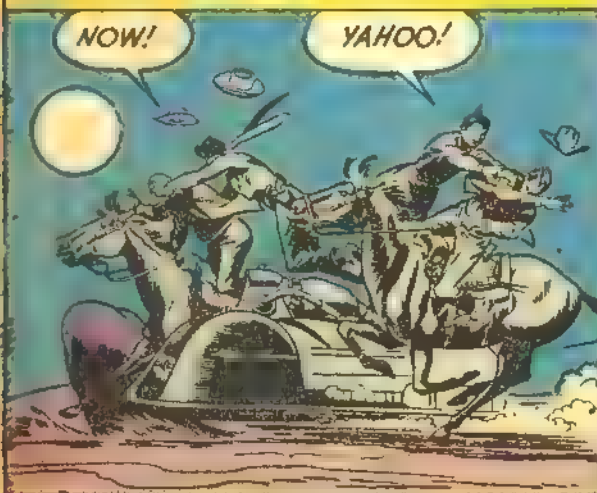
IT'LL BE A PLEASURE!



AND AS THE **CYCLE** DRAWS IN CLOSE...

NOW!

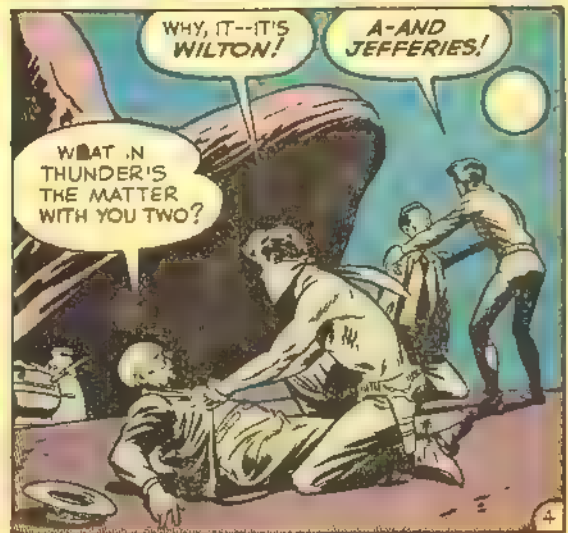
YAHOO!

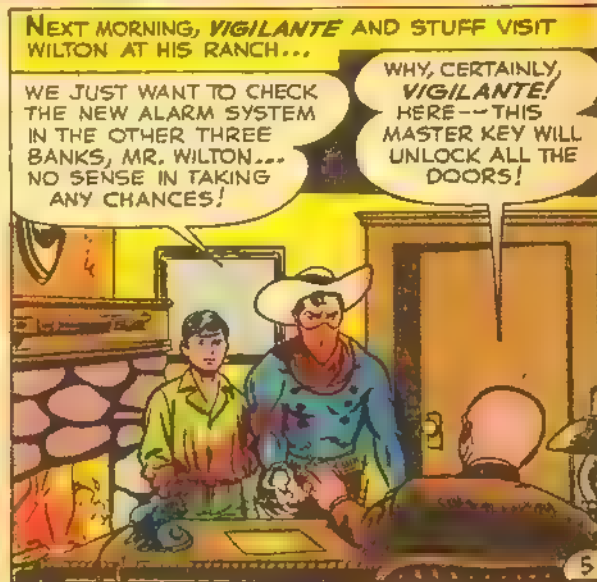
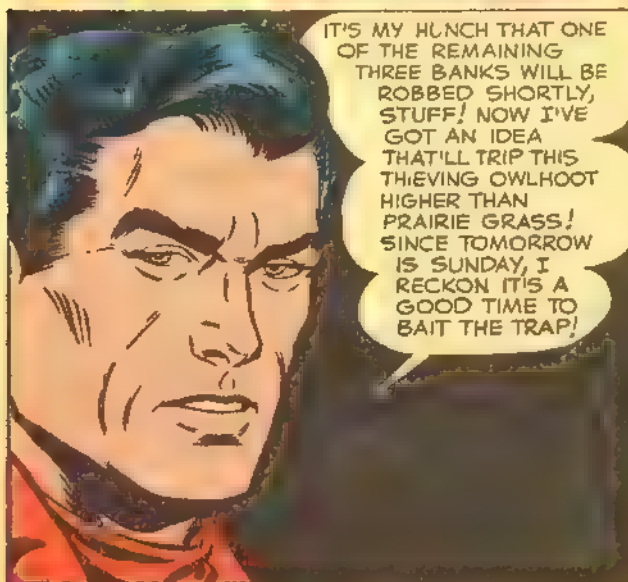
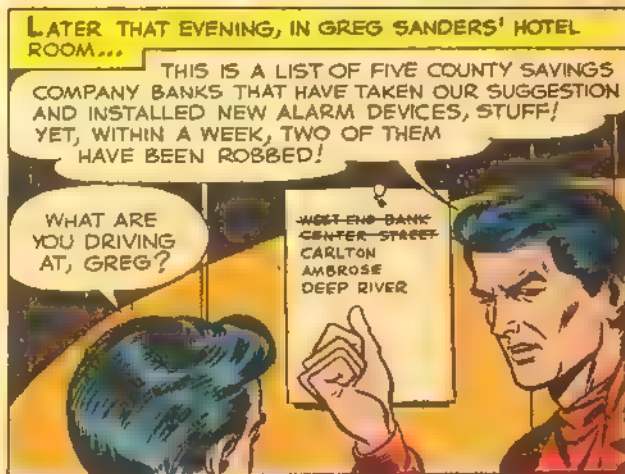
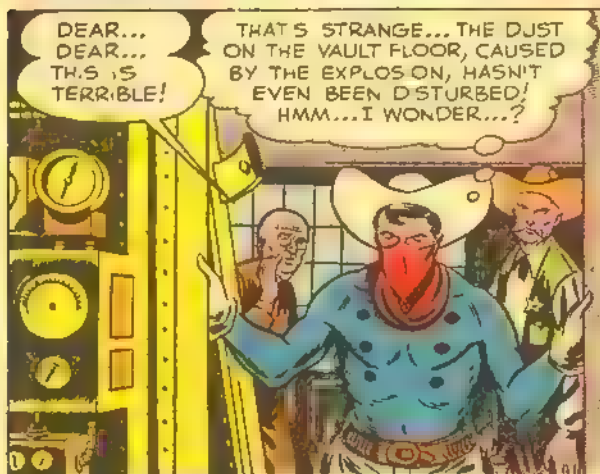
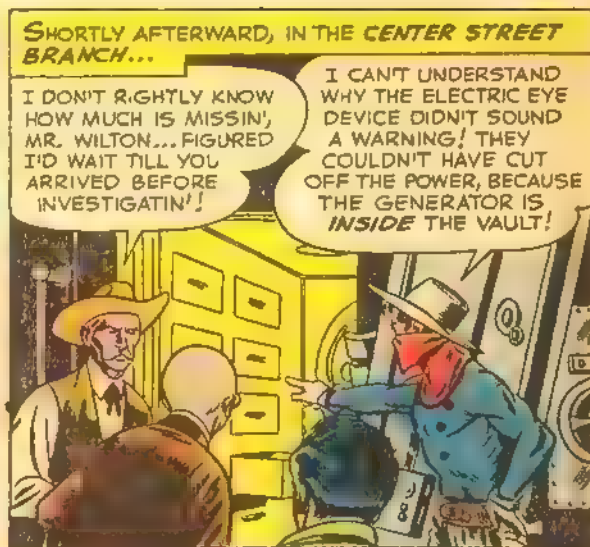
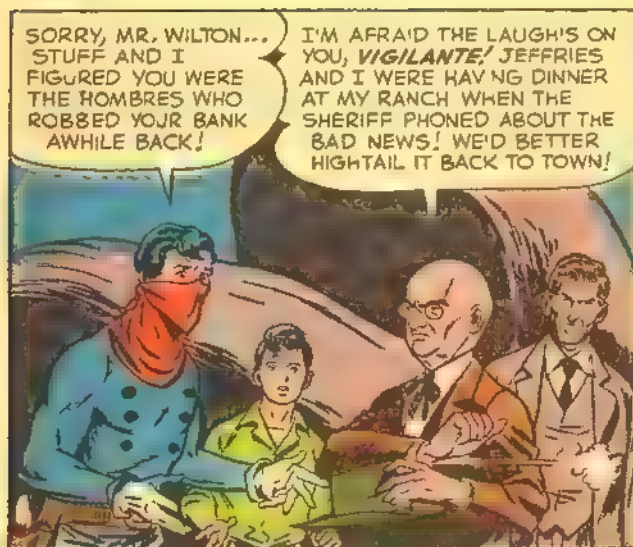


WHY, IT--IT'S **WILTON!**

A-AND **JEFFERIES!**

WHAT 'N THUNDER'S THE MATTER WITH YOU TWO?





LATER, IN TOWN...

MIGHTY KIND OF YOU TO OPEN UP THE SHOP ON YOUR DAY OFF, MR. SWANSON! THIS PHOTOGRAPHIC EQUIPMENT WILL COME IN MIGHTY HANDY!

THINK NOTHIN' OF IT, **VIGILANTE**... ALWAYS HAD HOPES OF MEETIN' UP WITH YUH IN PERSON!

PHOTO SUPPLIES

AND PRESENTLY OUTSIDE THE AMBROSE DISTRICT BRANCH BANK...

AFTER WE SET THINGS UP HERE, WE'LL TAKE THE **VIG-CYCLE** AND VISIT THE OTHER TWO BANKS, STUFF!

GOSH, I SURE HOPE THIS THING WORKS, VIG! THIS ROBBING OWLHOOT'S AS CLEVER AS A CORNERED RATTLER!

AMBROSE BANK
EMPLOYEES ENTRANCE

THE FOLLOWING EVENING, AS A DEAFENING EXPLOSION ROCKS THE DEEP RIVER BRANCH...

THUNDERATION! ANOTHER ROBBERY!

BOOM

WITHIN MINUTES, THE INTERIOR OF THE BANK SEETHES WITH ACTIVITY...

VIGILANTE! WHAT IN TARNATION DO YUH MAKE OF IT? THIRD ROBBERY IN TEN DAYS, AND THE CRITTER GOT CLEAN AWAY!

STEADY, SHERIFF... MAYBE THE OWLHOOT OVERPLAYED HIS HAND THIS TIME! STUFF AND I RIGGED UP A CAMERA TRAP IN HERE YESTERDAY!

'FRAID HE'S OUTWITTED YUH, **VIGILANTE**! WE FOUND THIS CAMERA SMASHED PLUMB APART!

NOT SO FAST, SHERIFF... THE CAMERA CARRYING THE FLASHBULB WAS ONLY A **DUMMY!** STUFF AND I SET UP A TRIP WIRE LEADING TO TWO OTHER CAMERAS, HIDDEN IN THAT BOOK SHELF! SHOW HIM, STUFF!

RIGHT, VIG!

SAY-Y-Y... THAT WAS RIGHT SMART O' YUH! HOW LONG 'FORE WE GIT THE PICTURE O' THE CRITTER?

JUST AS SOON AS MR. SWANSON CAN DEVELOP THIS FILM! WE'LL CONTACT YOU LATER AT YOUR OFFICE, SHERIFF!

BUT AFTER THE FILM HAS BEEN DEVELOPED...

GREAT SNAKES! THAT PHOTO WON'T HELP US ONE BIT!

THAT WAS ONE ANGLE I HADN'T FIGURED, STUFF--BUT WAIT A MINUTE...

EVEN THOUGH THIS HOMBRE IS MASKED, WE'VE LEARNED SOMETHING! THE EXPLOSION WENT OFF AT ABOUT 11:15! YET, THE CAMERA WAS TRIPPED AT 10:15--**ONE HOUR EARLIER!**

YOU'RE RIGHT, VIG, BUT-- BUT SO WHAT?

STUFF, I WANT YOU TO ROUND UP ALL PERSONNEL IN THE **COUNTY SAVINGS COMPANY'S** HOME OFFICE, AND BRING THEM OUT TO WILTON'S RANCH! ONE OF THEM IS THE OWLHOOT WE'RE LOOKING FOR... I'M SURE OF IT!

SURE THING, VIG!

AWHILE LATER...

I'M AFRAID THAT'S RIGHT, MR. WILTON... ONE OF YOUR EMPLOYEES IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THESE ROBBERIES-- SOMEONE WHO HAD ACCESS TO THE VAULT COMBINATIONS!

PREPOSTEROUS! EVERYONE KNOWS THOSE VAULTS WERE **BLOWN OPEN!** BESIDES, ONLY JEFFRIES AND I KNEW THE COMBINATIONS--AND WE WERE TOGETHER ALL EVENING!

ARE YOU SURE OF THAT, MISTER WILTON?

OF COURSE I AM! WE PLAYED CHESS TOGETHER... AT TEN O'CLOCK, HE REMEMBERED AN APPOINTMENT HE HAD, AND RODE INTO TOWN TO CALL IT OFF! BUT HE RETURNED AT 10:30, 45 MINUTES BEFORE THE ROBBERY!

THAT'S ALL I WANTED TO KNOW... JEFFRIES IS THE OWLHOOT WHO'S BEEN HELPING HIMSELF TO BANK FUNDS!

NOT SO FAST, **VIGILANTE!**

WHEELING ABOUT, JEFFRIES RUSHES TOWARD THE WINDOW, AND...

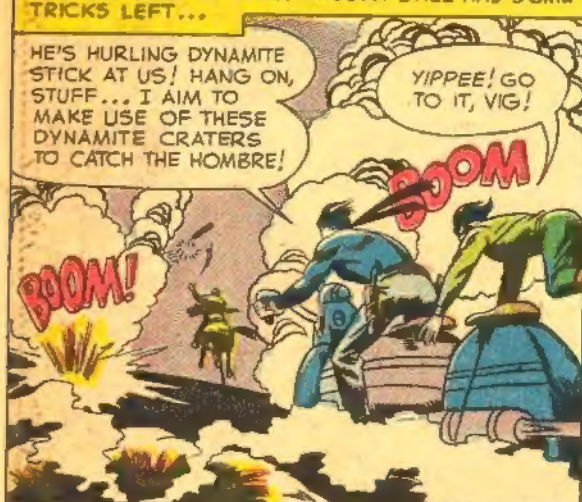
THE **VIG-CYCLE**, STUFF! WE'LL CORRAL HIM ON THE TRAIL! NO SENSE SHOOTING UP THE RANCH HOUSE AND RISKING LIVES!

CAN'T WAIT TO WRAP MY KNUCKLES AROUND THAT CRITTER'S CHIN, VIG!

BUT THE FLEEING BANK ROBBER STILL HAS SOME TRICKS LEFT...

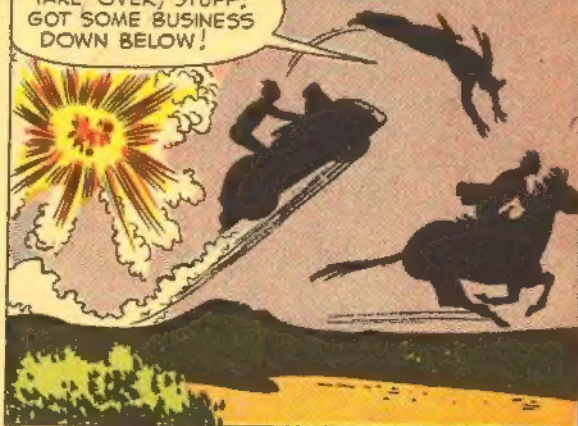
HE'S HURLING DYNAMITE STICK AT US! HANG ON, STUFF... I AIM TO MAKE USE OF THESE DYNAMITE CRATERS TO CATCH THE HOMBRE!

YIPPEE! GO TO IT, VIG!



OPENING UP FULL THROTTLE, THE VALIANT RIDER OF THE PURPLE SAGE DIRECTS HIS VAG-CYCLE INTO A GAPING CRATER, AND...

TAKE OVER, STUFF! GOT SOME BUSINESS DOWN BELOW!



THIS IS THE END OF YOUR BANK ROBBERING TRAIL, JEFFRIES!

HUH?



AND SO, AFTER VIGILANTE HAS BROUGHT JEFFRIES IN...

YOU SEE, GENTLEMEN, WHEN THE VAULT IN THE **WEST END BANK** WAS MOVED, JEFFRIES RECALLED THE OLD WATER MAIN AND USED IT TO ENTER THE BANK! HE ROBBED THE **CENTER STREET** BRANCH BY ENTERING THE VAULT EARLIER AND STOPPING THE ALARM GENERATOR!



WHEN I NOTICED THAT THE DUST THERE HAD NOT BEEN DISTURBED, I REALIZED THE VAULT MUST'VE BEEN ENTERED AND ROBBED **BEFORE** THE EXPLOSIONS! THAT INDICATED AN **INSIDE JOB**... JEFFRIES USED A TIME BOMB TO SECURE AN ALIBI!

BUT YOU CAN BE SURE OF ONE THING... HE WON'T KNOW THE COMBINATION OF ANY "VAULT" THE JUDGE SENDS HIM TO!



The End.

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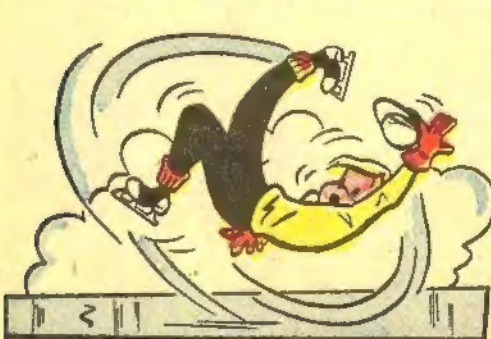
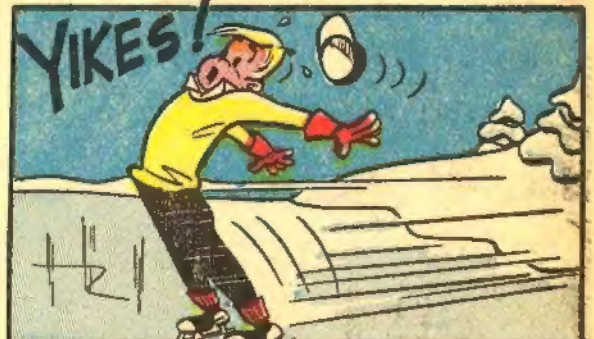
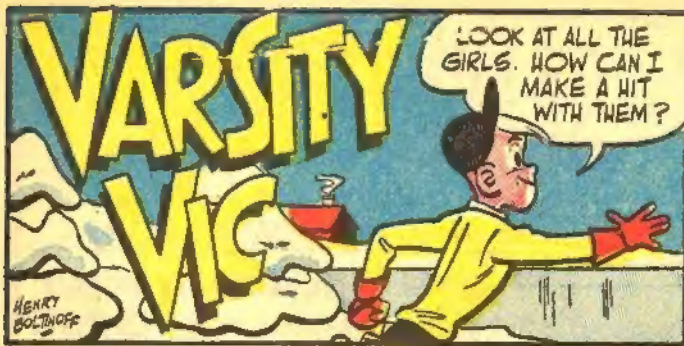
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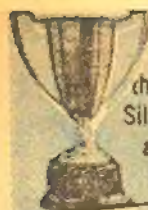


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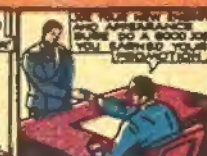
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